ANTIOCH *the* REVIEW

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A reminiscence and a reappraisal of a life that spanned American society from a log cabin childhood through a prairie youth to maturity in the modern industrial midwest. Walter Locke, late editor of the *Dayton Daily News* and author of the syndicated "Trends of the Times", casting a compassionate eye back over the years, saw the values and the drawbacks of the changing civilization he lived through and the hopes and the dangers of the one we now live in. His book is a combination of clear insight, literary grace, and spiritual power. Introduction by Brooks Atkinson.

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ANTIOCH the REVIEW

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Editor's Shop Talk

The proverbial constant reader of this magazine will be struck, we are sure, by our new cover design and the changes in format on the inside pages. Over the years we have attempted to keep the contents of the *Review* abreast of the times, and every so often we feel the need of bringing the dress similarly up to date. We hope the crisp new cover symbolizes in some way the verve of the articles and stories within.

The discerning reader may also notice that there has been a change of publishers. Beginning with this issue, the *Review* will be published by The Antioch Press instead of by the separate corporation that founded the magazine. In many ways this is little more than a letterhead change, since the editorial control and policies will not be affected. The association between the Press and the *Review* goes back to Volume One; the Press has always handled the printing and distribution of the magazine and the manager of the Press is a permanent member of the Editorial Board of the *Review*. Publication by The Antioch Press will, we believe, improve the efficiency of the *Review* in circulation and management areas and relieve the Editorial Board of many purely business details.

The Editorial Board of *The Antioch Review* will continue as before. Although in no way an official publication of Antioch College, the *Review* is edited by a selected group of Antioch faculty members representing at no time fewer than three academic departments. The purpose of the *Review* has always been to publish

ANTIOCH *the* REVIEW

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important material on a wide range of subjects, to present it in an interesting and stimulating way, and to reflect the viewpoint of the inquiring, independent student of contemporary affairs—"to help bridge the gap," as an early announcement put it, "between the scholar and the intelligent layman." This will continue to be our purpose.

* * *

A credit line is due the designer of our new cover: Tim Milligan is a young artist, jazz musician, and sports car enthusiast. He is typographic director and production manager of Vie Design Studio of Yellow Springs, one of the midwest's leading industrial and graphic design studios.

* * *

In recent years we have occasionally featured a group of articles on a single theme in the belief that many points of view contribute to more complete understanding and that a spectrum of opinion aids the resolution of problems. Response to these issues has urged us to continue and expand this feature and at present three are being planned:

The American Abroad, planned for Winter, 1958, will consist of a series of articles examining the effects of intercultural, student-exchange, and business abroad programs—effects on the participants and on the cultures brought into contact with each other.

Origin of Species—100 Years Later, scheduled for Spring, 1959, will have spokesmen for the biological sciences, religion, philosophy, and the social sciences evaluate the Darwin revolution as it stands today. Does Darwin still have meaning for us now and in the future? Or could we give Darwin information now which might revise his theory? What aspects of the revolution are yet unrealized?

The Dewey Centennial, in the Fall of 1959, will deal, pro and con, with the much-praised and much-damned American philosopher. The shadow of John Dewey looms large over present discussions of education and a more complete understanding of him seems essential to our dealing with our current problems.

These special issues are projects of individual members of the Editorial Board. Irwin Abrams, of the Antioch History Department, will edit the "American Abroad" articles. Dr. Abrams' experience in intercultural relations includes work in European camp and community service programs for the American Friends Service Committee, the U.S. High Commissioner of Germany, and the Council on Student Travel. This spring he directed a ship-and-shore orientation program for American guides of the U.S. Pavilion at the Brussels Fair. The Darwin issue will be put together by Paul H. Rohmann, manager of The Antioch Press. And the Dewey symposium will be edited by George R. Geiger, Professor of Philosophy, whose new study, *John Dewey in Perspective*, will be published by Oxford in the fall.

Many of the articles for these features are solicited. But the editors are always interested in seeing other manuscripts which might fit the series—as well, of course, as other articles and stories for the magazine.

The Challenge of a Stable Russia

By ALEX INKELES

■ Well before Stalin's death we were already launched on one of the great debates of our time. Could the Soviet system survive the death of the supreme dictator, and if it did, what would be the nature of its future development? At least five years after Stalin's death the Soviet system still seems very much with us. There are those who still see in it only the seeds of a soon forthcoming paroxysm of political fratricide and consequent dissolution. Most students of Soviet affairs, however, accept the idea that the system will not soon collapse from internal pressures. What then seems the most likely course of Soviet development in the next few decades?

Two major and rather polarized positions have come to dominate the discussion. At the one pole there are those who assert that what Stalin wrought was a kind of modern oriental despotism, even more effective than the earlier absolute states, such as traditional China, because the modern instruments of force, communication, and education facilitate even greater mobilization of the population in the service of the dictator. This group holds modern totalitarianism as developed in the Soviet Union to be unchanged and unchanging. Nothing, except the complete destruction of the system, can stop the drive toward dictatorship and nothing can sway the dictator from the absolute exercise of power, from the total mobilization of the population for the ends of the state. In this system

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there is no such thing as a "concession" to popular will. The dictator acts as he sees fit, now playing soft, now hard, but always according to his own plan—"from above." Classes are made, and when they grow too powerful unmade. Institutions are created, and when they have served their purpose dissolved. Police controls, censorship, terror, a dark struggle for power at the higher reaches are inherent qualities of the system. Indeed even the leaders are powerless to change it. They must preserve all its essential features as a total unity. To compromise is to risk destruction, to lose the power which is presumably the main motive force for the leaders.

These theorists also hold that Soviet foreign policy is undeviatingly committed to the destruction of the free world, and that it is premised on this destruction being ultimately effected by force of arms. All treaties, agreements, arrangements, and understandings are purely tactical maneuvers to gain time or other advantage. The Soviet word cannot be trusted, the very idea of good intentions is alien to them, and negotiation with them can have no other useful purpose than to demonstrate our gullibility or our good intentions.

This rather grim picture must be set opposite a much more cheerful political landscape as sketched by others. They see the gradual democratization of Soviet society as inevitable, and indeed claim to have substantial evidence that the process is already far advanced. They maintain that Stalin's system was developed largely to meet the unusual conditions of forced draft industrialization and the threat of war. But in this process the country became industrialized, the farms mechanized. A large urban population was assembled, and trained in the "higher" culture of the cities. Education became very widespread. Most important, a large technically trained, responsible, educated middle class arose which had aspirations for a more sane and rational pattern of life. At the same time, the leadership itself was changing as more men whose experience lay in this new middle class themselves attained to positions of power and responsibility. Thus, the needs felt by the leaders for rational, orderly, efficient processes, for higher labor productivity, for more spontaneous and intelligent compliance, joined forces with desires for a better life on the part of the population. Together they set in motion a retreat from Stalinist extremism, towards reform and liberalization of the system. These changes are assumed to be irre-

versible, and therefore are taken to promise the gradual democratization of the Soviet system.

With regard to foreign affairs, those who hold this position claim that the present Soviet leaders are genuinely interested in a peaceful stable world order, within the framework of which they can engage in friendly competition with our democratic capitalist system for world leadership. It is assumed that they seek a reduction of international tension and a consequent reduction in the arms burden in order to free them for more effective action in this competition. The exchange programs they have undertaken are taken to be a genuine expression of their intentions in this direction. They are taken to be reasonable men amenable to reasonable argument.

As is so often true with such theories, one can find substantial evidence in support of both. The release of thousands from forced labor camps; the tremendous reduction of political arrests to the point where they affect only a small proportion of the population; the cessation of obligatory deliveries from the private plots of the peasants; the opening of the Soviet Union to foreign tourists and the permission for Soviet citizens to travel abroad; the numerous programs for the exchange of scholars and students—these and a host of other measures taken by the government all argue that a new style of governing has come to the fore after Stalin's death. In contrast to Stalin's time the system is more "liberal," and the process shows some signs of further development.

On the other hand, those who argue for the unchanging nature of the system can point to the fact that people are still arbitrarily arrested by the secret police—even if they are fewer in number—and are sentenced without open trial. The dark struggle at the top continues—as Beria and his associates were first to discover, and Molotov and company not so long after. The use of force on a mass scale against a whole population was amply demonstrated in Hungary to the horror of the entire world. Hence, in essence, they would argue, the system remains unchanged.

Both of these positions suffer from a certain degree of rigidity which makes them inadequate for an assessment of future Soviet development. They are rigid in that both assume that totalitarianism is an "either-or" proposition rather than a matter of degree. Each of these contrasting views depicts one of the two sets of forces

at work in the Soviet Union, one stemming from the nature of the totalitarian system established under Stalin, the other from the nature of the industrial society which has grown up beneath the totalitarian structure. The two sets of forces have already demonstrated some compatibility, and the pertinent question is not which will triumph, but what the concrete resolution will be.

It seems highly unlikely that the Soviet system, any more than any other modern industrial society, can be, or indeed has been, unchanging. It may be true, for example, that the shift from mass terror to political arrest limited to a small group at the top is not a change in principle, but merely in degree. Yet for the hundreds of thousands of Soviet citizens who now sleep more securely, without the continuous fear of the early morning knock at the door, the change is real enough. They would think us mad to argue that this was not a "real" change. Yet such changes do not add up to democratization. Although few are arrested, no man is granted a true immunity from arbitrary arrest, and no one can assume that he will be protected by proper safeguards of due process if he is arrested. There is very little evidence of any deliberate move for the Communist Party to share power, or even to observe democratic processes within its own organization. The term "liberalization" of the system seems granting too much if we insist on giving the word liberal an even moderately strict limitation, and there certainly seems nothing inevitable about the process.

Indeed, inevitability is a rock on which most theories of history founder, Marx's theory being not the least notable example. We can assume neither the inevitable stability nor the inevitable democratization of the system. In any event, either designation is largely a label we apply to a social process. Rather than argue about the labels we might do better to go directly to the social processes which the labels presume to describe. In doing so we need to keep distinct three aspects of the problem: popular feeling and opinion, the desires and aspirations of the middle ranks of Soviet leadership, and the intentions of the ruling elite.

With regard to the rank and file of the population, extensive discussions with former Soviet citizens, supplemented by recent travel in the USSR, point to the following conclusions:

1. Stalinist rule created a deep and long lasting impression in

the Soviet people, and left a residue of bitterness and resentment against arbitrary, violent, and despotic patterns of governing with which all subsequent governments must reckon. There is a widespread feeling that this was a terrible aberration, and a general determination that it must not happen again.

2. The prolonged depression in the standard of living associated with collectivization of the farms and the years of forced industrialization was a source of resentment second only to the terror, and a widespread basis for questioning the legitimacy of the regime. The same deprivations would not again be accepted without large scale passive resistance and the generation of tensions which would threaten to become explosive.

3. While consciously resenting the deprivations which Stalinist rule introduced into their lives, most Soviet citizens were nevertheless strongly, albeit more subtly and unconsciously, influenced by the processes of social change which Stalin set in motion. These changes are to be measured not merely in terms of the usual census categories of increasing education and urbanization, but more in terms of changed attitudes, values, and life patterns. The values of the peasant family rooted in the local community, devoted to the soil, and consecrated to the continuance of religious and social tradition have suffered enormous attrition. These patterns, though they still exist, now characterize only a minority of the population. In their place the culture of the cities, the values of the rapidly changing industrial order, have now been ensconced. The "consumption ethic" has come to Russia as it has in other industrialized countries. Indeed, it may well be that this quality is almost as strong in the Soviet Union as it is in the United States. It is obvious that to manipulate the Soviet population the regime will be less effective if it uses force or coercion than if it juggles opportunities and rewards in the form of occupational advancement and other tangible and intangible goods.

4. Despite great hostility to the Stalinist rule of terror, and profound resentment against the depressed standard of living, the great majority of Soviet citizens seem to find much that is acceptable in the system. This applies particularly to the idea of government ownership and operation of industry, transportation, and most trade, and to the concept of the welfare state exemplified in government

guarantees of work, medical care, and education. Opportunities for social mobility are sensed and appreciated, probably beyond what the actual situation warrants. There is great pride in the industrial attainments of the society, and in the apparent "cultural" development of the country, as represented in the theatrical arts, music, literature, painting, sculpture and, to a lesser degree, architecture. The performance of both the government and the people during the war and the period of reconstruction is a source of admiration and pride, tinged with a sense of wonder. The central position of the Soviet Union in world affairs is a source of gratification. "The Soviet power" is a big thing, which no one takes lightly.

5. Resentment of the oppressive features of the Soviet system took, in some instances, violent and explosive form—a total or global rejection of everything "Communist" and Soviet. However, for most people grievances tended to be highly concrete and specific. The main themes were "end the terror," "slow up the pace of economic life," "improve the standard of living," and so on. The execution of the program, rather than the conception itself, was deemed bad. Even though the essential disparity between the Soviet system as idea and as reality was grasped, there was still a woeful failure to generate alternatives which commanded respect or attention. The Soviet refugees often left with people the impression that there was not only little understanding, but little need felt for the *strictly constitutional* apparatus of guarantees, rights and safeguards which characterize the democracy of Western Europe. Good rulers, kind, considerate rulers, who "cared" for people, did not terrorize them or push them too hard, would be quite acceptable, especially if they provided an increasing standard of living and opportunities for personal advancement.

6. Most Soviet citizens seem to have accepted the main outlines of the official image of foreign affairs disseminated by the official media. They see the United States government as dominated by powerful groups who seem committed to waging a war of destruction against the Soviet Union and other countries. They imagine a vast conspiracy by the West to prevent colonial and underdeveloped areas from attaining their independence and achieving their rightful national aspirations for peaceful economic development. There is substantial pride in Soviet strength and the image of the USSR as a

leading world force. The Soviet government is believed to be a champion of peace and a defender of the small and weak. Soviet citizens are eager for peace and the smaller burden of arms a stable world order would yield. But they do not assume they understand the complexities of world politics, and they incline overwhelmingly to leave these issues to the leaders "who understand these things, and know best."

After Stalin's death his successors acted with intelligence and forcefulness to eliminate or reduce most of the prime sources of popular resentment and discontent which Stalin left them as part of their political heritage. They did this by drastically reducing the application of terror, taking measures tangibly to improve living standards, and giving more meaning to the welfare state guarantees of free education, medical care, and old age security. They also reduced the intensity of the pressures put on intellectuals and the enormity of the controls placed on administrators and economic managers, and made substantial concessions to the peasants. No one of these concessions and grants to the people is necessarily "permanent." Neither do they represent "permanent" solutions of the several social problems to which they were a response. Their significance lay mainly in the evidence they offered that the leaders were aware of the greatest sources of tension and the worst grievances in the system, and were willing and able to take effective measures to deal with the situation. This suggests, therefore, that even within the structure of the perhaps unstable Soviet oligarchy, there are greater capacities for change and adjustment than many have been willing to allow.

The leaders' capacity to make such adjustments argues well for the short-run stability of the system. It does not, however, insure its long-range stability, nor does it give us any sure guide lines as to what that long-range stability will be like.

The most crucial argument posed against the compatibility of the Soviet political system and its newly-developed modern industrial order is that the very development of Soviet industry and the modernization of Soviet society—with its emphasis on rationality, its dependence on science and research, its ever increasing corps of well-educated and well-trained engineers, managers, and other professionals—has made the usual Soviet pattern of operation unsuited

to the needs of Soviet society and unacceptable to the new managerial class which ultimately holds power in its hands.

There is in this argument more assertion, or perhaps faith, than hard substance. To begin, there is hardly much evidence to support the assertion that education by itself generates a love of freedom. It was, after all, a country with one of the best educated populations, and one with the largest groups of industrialists, engineers, scientists and other educated men, which treated us to the experience of Hitlerite Germany. And there are few who will deny the widespread, indeed pervasive, support he received among the educated classes in the military, business, industry, education, and other realms. In the second place, and perhaps more important, there is good reason to believe that the underlying principles of Soviet political control over the *ends* or goals of economic and administrative behavior are accepted by most Soviet engineers and managers, indeed are willingly supported by them. They accept these as "political" decisions to be decided by political specialists. They are, in other words, largely withdrawn from politics, "organization men" similar to their counterparts in the United States. Their main complaint in the past was not over the principle of directing the economy, but rather over arbitrary political interference in predominantly technical decisions, the unreasonably high goals often set in the face of insufficient resources to meet them, and the treatment of failures in judgment or performance by management as if they were acts of political defiance or criminal negligence. Since Stalin's death such abuse has been tremendously reduced. Soviet managers seem, on the whole, quite satisfied with the situation.

Of course, there is always the risk that the political leaders will overreach themselves, and in seeking to maintain their own initiative will violate the rights of the managerial class so flagrantly as to provoke retaliation. The facts of recent experience indicate such a sense of outrage is not easily aroused. The top political leadership has been able to effect massive changes in the formal structure of economic administration in the Soviet Union without any sign of major resistance or even disturbance. Indeed, even the outstanding military leader of the country has been dismissed summarily without apparent serious repercussions. While these very events were in progress the Soviet Union successfully launched two earth satellites,

which hardly argues that it is having great difficulty either in motivating its scientists and engineers or in organizing their efforts effectively around important governmental programs.

This conclusion should not be taken to mean that regime will not make further adjustments in its domestic administrative arrangements in the interests of efficiency. Such changes may, on occasion, be popular with the technicians and administrators, may even be taken at their suggestion. But it would be unwise to see in such adjustments some kind of managerial revolution, the forerunner of some basic reorientation of Soviet policy.

There is, of course, one group which could reorient that policy—the ruling political elite of the Soviet Union. No one can, of course, assert with confidence that he knows the intentions of the Soviet leadership. Yet it is essential that we make some estimate. The following represents one such estimate:

1. Soviet leaders still believe that fundamentally there is an imminence in history, which requires that it progress through certain clear stages towards an eventual world condition in which all "capitalist" societies, including what they call its "bourgeoise democratic" forms, will have been replaced by "Communist" societies. They read recent history as validating this proposition, and they see the process of transition as in full swing. As Molotov expressed it, "All roads lead to Communism."

2. The roads to Communism are, however, not all straight nor easy. The process is complex, and proceeds not only through wars and revolutions, but also through nationalism, economic crises, diplomatic maneuver, cultural exchange, and other means.

3. What advances this movement at any particular moment cannot be decided by chance, but rather requires a guiding intelligence and active support from some base of strength. The base of strength they assume lies in the Soviet Union, a conviction which makes it easy to identify and indeed even to confuse Russian national interests with those of the international Communist movement. The guiding intelligence is assumed to be provided by the leadership of the Soviet Communist Party, which makes it easy to blur the distinction between the domestic power interest of that group and the power interests of the leaders of Communist movements in other nations.

4. The Soviet leaders will take no action which seriously endangers either the Soviet home base or their position in command of it. This means that they will not undertake any action which they are reasonably certain would precipitate a global war with the newer weapons of mass destruction. It seems highly unlikely that they would risk a surprise war, even if they had a substantial technological edge. Although here we cannot be so sure, it also seems unlikely that they would support another Korean type action, that is, an action which meant putting troops across a major national border we have given fairly clear intention to defend, for fear of the extension of such conflict to the respective home bases.

5. At the same time, the campaign to spread Soviet influence, to weaken the Western world, and to capture additional areas for Communism will continue unabated. The main front for action will be the former colonial and other underdeveloped areas in the Middle East, Asia, and Africa. The campaign will, however, continue to have a definite "new look," in which the national aspirations of former colonial people are seemingly supported, economic aid will be extensive, cultural exchange featured. The Soviets have, indeed, launched a massive campaign intended to create an image of themselves as the world's leading scientific, cultural, social, and humanistic force. This strains the Soviet system, however, and makes any safe reduction of the arms burden of substantial interest to them.

6. While this process of nibbling away at the periphery is in progress, it is essential to neutralize or minimize the extent of the opposition from the Western world, and to soften it up as much as possible for its eventual fateful days of transition to Communism. This demands: (a) Disarming the Western alliance by weakening its awareness of the ultimate threat to its way of life. The peace campaign is the main weapon. Intellectual, cultural, and other exchanges are part of this campaign, though not solely based on such considerations; (b) Weakening the Western alliance. This has the objective of weakening concerted action to resist Soviet expansion in the uncommitted areas, and of reducing the extent of the active military threat to the Soviet home base, should something go awry and total war ensue.

7. Beyond this Soviet leaders have no clear program, since they clearly now entertain serious doubts as to the instability of the free

societies of the West. They hope that while they work on the periphery, which can surely occupy them for two decades or more, the long expected domestic economic crises in America and Europe may yet come to pass.

There are three main sources from whence a fundamental change in the pattern of Soviet development may spring, especially as it affects the Soviet impact on the rest of the world. One possibility is that the problem of the succession crisis will never be solved, eventually one of the struggles for power at the top will break out in the open, and in the process of resultant conflict the old order will be destroyed. Although the possibility certainly cannot be discounted, such an event is of a rather low order of probability, especially in the light of Krushchev's recent ascendancy. Yet we would be unwise to assume that the inevitable outcome of such a struggle would be a democratic Russia. On the contrary, it is highly likely that whoever was the victor in such a struggle would in his turn impose the standard pattern of totalitarian rule, and probably with renewed vigor.

A second possibility is that a future breakup of the Soviet satellite empire, as exemplified by the revolt in Hungary, and the relative defection of Poland, might have sufficiently serious repercussions within the Soviet Union to change materially the path of Soviet development. There are major sources of instability in the Soviet empire, or coalition, although it does not seem *markedly* unstable. But even if there were serious defections from Soviet control, there is no compelling reason to assume the response within the Soviet Union would be in the direction of democracy. On the contrary, there is great likelihood that, under such circumstances, there would be increased totalitarianism in an effort to recapture lost or ebbing control over the satellites.

A third prospect is that the industrial maturation of Soviet Russia, the mellowing of its social structure, will "erode" the dictatorship and set in motion important processes of social change which will lead to a democratization of Soviet society, and perhaps also a transformation of its foreign policy. While such a transformation is to be hoped for, it seems hardly to be counted on. The Soviet system *has* changed. Yet the formidable challenge which faces the world rises not from the unchanging character of the Soviet Union,

but precisely from the fact that its present leaders have been able to make adjustments in the Soviet social structure which have adapted it to take account of the earlier development of the society. The crucial point is that they have done so without sacrificing the basic features of the system—the monopoly of power in the elite of the one-party system, the absolute dominance of the state in the control and direction of economic life, the limitation of freedom of opinion and expression to those few cases and to that degree which the regime regards as politically harmless, and the use of force or extra-legal measures, however selective, to impose the will of the leaders in such a way as to make an ultimate mockery of the law and constitution. It is no less autocratic and certainly not *more* democratic, if by that we mean supremacy of law and individual rights. But such a society is more, not less, a challenge to the free world. The leadership may have lost some of its freedom of maneuver, in the sense that it can no longer so readily commit the whole nation to an assault on objectives the people do not support. But the regime is far compensated by the vastly increased popular support for the objectives to which it has committed the nation. And it presents an immeasurably improved facade to the world.

In the balance hangs the decision as to what the dominant cultural and political forms of human endeavor will be for the remainder of this century and perhaps beyond. It is, perhaps, only a little thing that separates the Soviet world from the West—freedom. Inside the Soviet Union there are some who ultimately are on our side. But they are a minority, perhaps a small one. Their ranks were first decimated by Stalin and later thinned by the refugee exodus. We had therefore better turn our face elsewhere, rest our hopes on other foundations than on the hope that the Soviet system will mellow and abandon its long range goals of world domination. We must look for our defense to the capacity of our own social order to yield fuller, richer, more dignified life *under freedom* not only for ourselves, but for the uncommitted, the half committed, the neutralists, and even those who have already cast their lot with the Soviet Union. If we are not equal to the task, we will leave it to the Soviet Union to set the pattern of human existence for the next half century.

Anger in Schoolchildren

By ROBERT BLOOM

Armed with convention like a studded mace, I count
my charges and their petty wars: the missing
mock from out the empty trenches; the wounded grieve,
entrapped as I within these doors.
Only the
brutal laugh and scold. Where size is virtue, largesse
lies in putting off completeness: so de Sade
was born, and so grow these, advancing by their mercies
to become real corporals, fearful only of sergeants,
righteous in the only right they know.
I am not,
I think, a craven teacher. Anger in me strikes unjust
behavior: slingshot rebel, nuisance bribed by
popular support. But I have learned to shudder when
I see these lives, and fear can seize me as once
I yearned that knowledge would.
The groundswell grows
and grows: the catcalls as I chalk my name; the missile
(paperclip or paper), anonymous, not trivial;
sullen noes and blank refusals. I teach the few who'll
have it. The rest retreat to comic books and chatter.
And teachers tell me that it does not matter.

And still, within my stiff attire (symbol here of all
authority, despised) I scream and scream again:
it matters, it does, it really matters! Are we to wait
for slow resentment like a storm, provoked at last
by any open gesture, to build to cataclysm? Are children
always helpless dears or else the nothings that we
tolerate by custom?
I have felt them moving, moving,
in wrath more terrible than revolution.

ROBERT BLOOM is a junior high school teacher in New York City. His poetry has appeared in a number of journals and he had a short story published in *New World Writing #8.*

Tübingen: 1957

By FREDERIC WILL

illustrated by Freda Abrams

■ In every sense the Marktplatz is the center of Tübingen. It is the physical center of the mediaeval town, the site of the town-hall, and the main distributing point for food-supplies. It is the aesthetic-spiritual center of the present city, the generative experience for any deeper grasp of the mood of Tübingen. What is that market-place?

It is a lop-sided—but four sided—cobble stoned area, surrounded by fifteenth century houses. Most of those houses are wide and tall; three or four regular stories, often with eccentric attics and balconies attached. All the houses are bulgy and asymmetrical. No two of them are at all similar, and yet they are all alike somehow. The house colors vary, from pale-green to chocolate-brown, passing through stages of yellow and tan. The façades of these houses are striped and crisscrossed with dark, outward-showing beams. These are famous Fachwerkhäuser, a chief ingredient in Tübingen's character.

At the west end of the Marktplatz—the only level space in that irregular ground-plan—stands the master building, the Rathaus. It was rebuilt in the sixteenth century, but harmonizes with the houses around it for reasons which are hard to grasp. It is partly because of the Rathaus' own lack of symmetry. The building has three vertical axes, each corresponding to a different century's notion of the focal center of the façade. It is partly because of the color

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on the façade, the covering of frescoes which portray great men in Tübingen's past. Even the usually blooming geraniums set in boxes at the Rathaus windows do something to harmonize that building with its surroundings.

In any case the Rathaus and the houses do blend, and among them manage to define the mood of the Marktplatz. The houses around are high, personal, eccentric: nothing invites the eye up to the pure natural heaven. It would be hard to find a city ten times the size of Tübingen, in the center of which you feel as en-towned, and surrounded in by man's work, as you do in the Tübingen Marktplatz. And yet these architectural surroundings seem, in another sense, almost like forces of nature.

At no time is the life there more vital or absorbing than on market days. I witenssed this event for the first time on my first day in Tübingen. I had arrived late the previous night, and gone to the Hotel Lamm on the Marktplatz. The city was a total puzzle. From the moment I had begun driving in the narrow, winding streets of the old city I had seemed to be in a dream, a late mediaeval dream. It was only by half-conscious tenacity and conscious question-asking that I had made my way to the Marktplatz. It was a relief, and surprise, to come through one of those narrow entrances into the broad square: rather like emergence from a womb.

Before me, in the moonlight, the gothic façades had loomed like eccentric, personal forces. I had felt the dynamism of the scene. The moonlight fell across the then empty square, and onto the tireless fountain which is set just off center, naturally, in the Marktplatz. Never again was I more impressed by the age of the place. As I was tired, though, I went promptly into the fifteenth-century Hotel Lamm with my luggage for the night.

My room was on the third floor, with windows facing on the square itself, for which I was grateful. Before going to bed I looked again out onto the still square. There was no one there: it was the kind of frozen gothic moment which seemed a recollection of something I had read as a child. Then I climbed into my huge, downy bed.

At seven-thirty the next morning the world came slowly back to me, slipping in through ears and cracks of eyes. I turned in my bed, put my feet into cold slippers—it was early October—and went over to the window to see what had happened to the scene of the previous midnight. That gothic unity could not possibly have been more differently presented. The sun was flooding the cobblestones. The market was beginning. Where there had been only moonlight before, there was intense life, color, noise now.

In three long rows, laid diagonally across the market-place, farmers and their wives were setting up their stands, and unloading wares from trucks or carts. The sellers themselves were austerely dressed, all in black or dark blue, the older women, in general, with dark shawls over their heads like Greek island women. But their wares, glistening in sun, were brilliant. A third of them must have been flowers, fresh, just-picked. A vast mixture of geraniums, nastur-

tiums, zinnias released their essential joy. There were orange and yellow melons, squash, berries, green vegetables of every kind, huge red beets, and pomegranates. It was a dazzling scene, to the brilliance of which the constant movement and chatter of the vendors added life. It was a different mode of the gothic, the kind of scene that Breughel excelled in. I watched, spectator-like, seeing two wrinkled women haggle over the price of beans, or a stout, red-faced farmer roar with laughter at some joke the men were circulating. It came over me, for the first time in the way of authentic experience, what a multiple expression of man the gothic is.

II

Most of the men and women whom I saw in that market scene were farmers, but of a special breed. They were Gogen, a race apart, the oldest settlers of Tübingen. (They are even older than the houses on the Marktplatz). These people live in the Altstadt, the old city-core of Tübingen, and, for the most part, either carry on farming outside the town or sell their wares inside it. Every weekday morning many of them make a long trek to their plots or vineyards; each man usually has several small properties, fairly widely scattered from one another. Frequently the wife works one plot and the husband another.

The original occupation of the Gogen was wine-making. Their vineyards along the sunny nooks and slopes of the Neckar valley produced the best white-wine of southern Germany—which says a lot. The Gogen won a good reputation as drinkers, then, and have never lost it. Now, however, they chiefly occupy themselves with truck-farming, in addition to wine-drinking, and sell their wares in the Tübingen Marktplatz and elsewhere in the city. It is on the Marktplatz that the foreigner is likely to make his first contact with them.

He will *see* their distinctiveness: they look like a group apart. The Gogen are offshoots of the Swabian Ur-stock, people whose ancestors in the late middle ages already inhabited Württemberg. The present Gogen look mediaeval, in some ways: they tend to be short—the size of mediaeval armor and doorways—ruddy faced, solidly built, strong. It is a fact of interest, too, that these people

speak the oldest German still in living use. It is very close to the Hochdeutsch spoken in the middle ages in southern Germany. That is, it preserves the traits which characterized German before a series of sound changes gave that language its present form: before that change German was far more like Anglo-Saxon, and like present-day English than it is now. Standard German has changed so much by now that few north Germans can understand the Swabian dialect without difficulty.

The foreigner will not merely see—and hear—the Gogen, though, he will quickly *feel* their rootedness, and oldness. As he goes through their shops, whether around the Marktplatz or in the narrow side-streets of the old city, he will see hyper-conservative Swabian business-men and women at work early and late, alert to every chance for an extra pfennig. In a sense, many of these people have simply been transplanted from a rural to a small-capitalist existence. But that is only one way to analyze Gogen-business. In their store-work, as in their farm-work, these tough business men simply enact an old Swabian motto: *Schaffe, schaffe, schaffe; spare, spare, spare*; *sterbe, sterbe, sterbe* (work; save; die). The Gogen's existence is based on the strictest rural premises: on the worth, in itself, of labor and thrift. In their attachment to these premises even the business Gogen seem like stubborn autochthonous figures, as though they emerged from the mediaeval background of a Walter Scott novel.

This impression of the Gogen in their shops is reinforced by seeing them in the context of their dwellings. The oldest part of Tübingen, in the flat land north-west of the Marktplatz, is chiefly settled by Gogen. That area of the city, in fact, has been steadily settled since the tenth century, but the present houses go no farther back than the twelfth or thirteenth century. It is, even at that, difficult to believe that many of the Altstadt half-timbered houses are inhabited. They are frequently shaky looking, have minute windows, and no plumbing facilities. And yet a most traditional life does go on in them century after century. Seeing the Gogen in this setting, as you stroll along Mordiogasse in the twilight, is the clearest way of feeling that these people are the authentic inhabitants of Tübingen. An Ur-Volk in an age of uprootedness.

III

Age has many dimensions in Tübingen. It is an old university town. Since 1477, when Graf Eberhard im Bart founded the University there, Tübingen has been a center of the religious and philosophical life of southern Germany. In its various branches it has been widely influential not only in that portion of Germany but throughout the country and internationally. Today the modern medical institutes of the University are more significant than its theological faculty. Yet *litterae humaniores* are still strong. Philosophy and classics attract the best students, and are taught by significant, vital professors, for the most part. Tübingen is still a university, in the authentic sense.

As a university it has by no means conceded to the twentieth century. True enough, sciences flourish, there are new buildings, even laboratories on the Swabian hills around the core of the city; there are motorbikes parked by the lecture halls; American movies are shown at the students' favorite theaters. Yet to an American visitor, and by no means only to him, Tübingen seems an old center of learning.

The old University buildings, where the first, predominantly theological, seminars housed themselves, are handsome and broodingly severe. They date mostly from the sixteenth century. The oldest group of them, in Münzgasse, is raised only one high street above the Marktplatz, and at the end of their own narrow Gasse, properly close, stands the sixteenth century Stiftskirche, offering its handsome, bare façade, and its gray clock tower. In such an environment less severely academic buildings would have been out of place.

So would the nineteenth century leniency and solicitude for the individual, which is so obvious in our own universities. There is no place for that in the University at Tübingen now, as there unquestionably was no place for it earlier. When a student, fresh from a protective *gymnasium*, comes to Tübingen today, he is thrown into a problem in choice which would shake an existentialist. With no help from guidance counsellors or advisers, usually with little knowledge of the world, and very quickly, he must pick his curriculum and his *Vorlesungen*. On the whole no one pays

much attention to which lectures the freshman hears: it is his own business. Yet his choice is important. The student is not as free as he seems: in fact, if he looks forward to making an eventual living, he will find that he is part of a tightly bound system. In order to pass his University exams, which he will take whenever he feels ready (and the exams are scheduled), the student will need to have gotten a sound grasp of his curriculum. For all but the most gifted students this grasp comes mainly from a judicious following of the best *Vorlesungen*. (Or at least the *Vorlesungen* of the teachers who will later do the examining.) Without this careful attendance at lectures graduation is almost impossible. The student must be alive and find out a lot about the University on his own. Naturally this emphasis on mature student-choice is reminiscent of the oldest European university tradition. At Tübingen it is the tradition of the fifteenth century.

Another trait of university life in Tübingen, one which has its roots equally in the middle ages, is the master-disciple relation between faculty and students. Of course it is a generalization to speak of this as a trait of the University today. There are many exceptions: teachers who teach with the goal that the student should form his own opinions. I doubt that this is the rule, though (if, indeed, it is the rule anywhere). Many of the best teachers in Tübingen are dominating minds; but, what is even more important, students follow them, and live in their spell. The spell is intensely personal. (It is interesting to see, in connection with this, that German students, who still spend their student careers moving around to various universities, generally move to hear someone's lectures, that is, to be with a new person more than with a new university). This is the personal spell which we are taught to believe was the basis of the scholarly community in the first European centers of learning.

One of the results of this spell, among the bulk of the students, is hard work and respect for academic traditions. It would be impudent to suggest that these traits mark off Tübingen, for instance, from most of the twentieth century universities on this side of the Atlantic. Still, there *is* a certain earnestness in the relation of teachers with their students in Tübingen. Students do detailed and often excellent research work; the libraries are packed; there is continual conversation about teachers and their qualities; intellectual matters

—in Tübingen often religious matters—are discussed and permitted to be disturbing. As well they might be.

In this context, then, it is no surprise to know that the professor feels himself an important figure in Tübingen. If, by contrast, the *Assistant*, or even the *Dozent*, feels himself burdened by menial labors—since the war German universities have been seriously understaffed—the full professor is still strong with prestige and influence. He is well paid, by present-day German standards, devoutly listened to, and in general, I was glad and surprised to find in Tübingen, deserves the attention he gets. For a year in Tübingen I looked for the prototype of the pedantic, authoritarian, self-important German professor. The search was in vain. Instead I found, on the whole, earnest, learned, and self-understanding men, at least comparable, in every outward sign, with the best assemblage of American professors I have encountered. And yet I could not fail to see that the Tübingen professor was more highly respected in his community than most of his American counterparts would be in theirs. Even I, as a so-called *Professor vom Ausland*—because the expression "Assistant Professor" couldn't be rendered any other way—was addressed as *Herr Professor* in the stores, and treated with a widespread deference of which a great part seemed genuine. Whereas the entrenched Tübingen Professor, strolling the old streets of his old city, may well feel like a mediaeval Faust, venerated and slightly feared by his fellow-citizens.

And yet to all these attempts to show that the intellectual life of Tübingen has deep roots in its past, a large qualification should be made. Admittedly it rises, like many of my other comments here, from sympathy for Tübingen. Yet it is important and valid, I think. The twentieth century is known in this mediaeval university, to these professors and students. There have been wars. There has been guilt. This awareness, I understand, is considerably stronger in those German Universities which the war partly or totally destroyed, in Cologne, Freiburg, Berlin. Only one house was destroyed in Tübingen, that of the Swabian poet Uhland. But many men were lost from the University, there were concentration camps not far away, there was, and still is, a long and disliked period of occupation. The University is, among other things, a center of awareness and interpretation of these tragedies. In itself such awareness is not

enough, of course. I was struck by the number of lectures offered during the Tübingen academic year on atonement, redemption, grace. Even lectures on political questions veered toward eschatology. A sense of guilt must lie behind such interest. And in my relations with Germans I encountered, in person after person, generosity bordering on love: not vapid love, but love that suffering and earnest sense of responsibility gives birth to. I suppose that this was the oldest encounter I had with Tübingen.

IV

In choosing to discuss the Marktplatz, the Gogen, and the University in the light of the Middle Ages, or simply of "the past," I have omitted some of the complexity of Tübingen. In a way my discussion has been metaphorical, translating the visible into a symbolical language, here the language of history. Every stranger does, I suppose, translate the novelties in his wanderings into a single, harmonious language. But some words in the language which Tübingen speaks are hard to translate: they seem to be in a unique tongue, a dialect unfamiliar to the city.

I am speaking of Tübingen's twentieth century appearances which I have mentioned before. There are milk-bars, motorbikes, movie houses, and, in the newer houses and buildings, one finds refrigerators and central-heating. There are automobiles: so many, in fact, that the narrow, crooked streets of the city are often desperately traffic-jammed. There is a considerable amount of new building: small private houses spreading onto the hills around the city, and here and there a new apartment house. And, finally, most depraved of all, there is a Super-Market and Germany's first motel. One notices these things quickly, for they seem out of place.

This awareness of the twentieth-century was short lived in my case. The mediaeval, or at least history-saturated, mood of Tübingen absorbs twentieth century tones into itself, submerges them in its own life. For one thing, of course—speaking in terms of quantity—this city has relatively little of our century in it. In Hamburg one feels the air of New York: fast, impersonal, tense. Even a much smaller city, like Stuttgart, is loud with American technological influence. The great Stuttgart television tower, to mention only one

landmark, looms over the Swabian plains. There is none of this show in Tübingen. There is little money, almost no industry, and the town council is notoriously conservative.

And yet, history in Tübingen does have so deep a way of submerging the present that I could imagine far more twentieth century influence than now exists being insignificant in Tübingen. I mean my previous comments as something of an explanation of this fact. But nothing other than the feel of the weight of history in that city could be an adequate explanation. Let me point out a pair of related ideas which may illustrate this.

Tübingen *feels* older than Athens or Rome. There may be several reasons for this. For one thing, historical continuity has been broken in those ancient cities. Athens was a village and a memory in the middle ages. Its antiquities were ravaged, quarried; its ancient view of life was forgotten and reviled. Roman antiquity was better preserved by mediaeval Christianity. The structure of Roman imperialism was built into the papacy. Yet Christianity *did* transform the existence of Rome. Furthermore, the relics of ancient Rome are less vital than those of ancient Greece. The Renaissance feels nearly as old as the Augustan in Rome.

In Tübingen, on the other hand, the past has lived into the present in a sensuous, daily way. The houses, streets, dialects, and economic mores of Alt-Tübingen are essentially those of Tübingen today. This is one way of expressing the vigor of Tübingen's resistance to the twentieth century.

I would risk another approach, though. The ordinary artifacts of the twentieth century—cars, motorbikes, motels, refrigerators, radios—still lack "style" or "quality." This is a nebulous idea, hard to express. It attempts to account for a certain "unreality" which such artifacts emanate. Of course this is partly because many of these artifacts move fast. But there are at least two deeper explanations of the idea I am describing. For one thing, such products of our culture today are made almost entirely for use. Their construction is aesthetically negligent. And even when formally agreeable styles in cars and refrigerators have been found, these styles change so rapidly that all distinctiveness or character is lost from them. This situation can hardly be *inherent* in the artifacts of twentieth-century daily-life industry. It will change. The twentieth century

will have its style in the twenty-first century. It is only necessary—and this is the second point—that such artifacts come closer to their makers, reflect human personalities more, do less for us in a purely mechanical, serving way.

In any case, the existence of the twentieth century is still entirely on the surface of Tübingen.

V

If there is any *one* sensuous symbol of the oldness of Tübingen, it is the Neckar. That long river, which flows from southern Württemberg to the Rhine, moves slowly through its fertile, hill-ringed Swabian valley toward Tübingen, from where it goes north to Stuttgart and Heidelberg, another mediaeval university town to which it lends its mood. The Neckar is a ribbon of nature through the culture of southwest Germany.

Nature and history are the two great sources of our energy. One is the past that we grew out of, the other the past that grew out of us. Like Antaeus we lose our strength when we are removed from its sources. In Tübingen, thanks to the Neckar, nature is a continuous presence and a mirror of history.

The Neckar is a literal mirror. One of the oldest spots in Tübingen is the long gothic façade of buildings which overhang the river. Against the background of that façade stand out the silhouettes of the Stiftskirche, the Rathaus, the fifteenth century University Bursar's building. Directly over the river, however, hang shops, private houses, stores, university buildings, all intermixed. Each building is colored—differently: pastels predominate. The buildings, even though mostly gothic, gabled, cross-beamed, angular, are as different from one another in shape as in color. One is just two rooms wide; its neighbor is a thick, flatiron shaped building; next to it is a large, light-green optician's store. And so on. The façade is a harmony of gothic eccentricities. It has enormous aesthetic unity, and is as convincingly a fifteenth-century complex as can be imagined.

All this scene can be found in the slow-moving but constant river. The sight is most remarkable under a spring sun. The façades seem mirrored from deep under the river's surface, and to be quite

solid. Yet, if one looks closely at the river he can see the old illusion clearly. The river constantly flows on, destroying and re-creating the images of the façades, and at the same time losing and re-making its own form. It is an ancient rhythm, and one in which the closeness of history to nature is dramatized. There is no deception in this river-surface. It speaks with the truth of poetry.

The current of the Neckar keeps the fluidity and energy of nature always in mind in Tübingen. There is little vegetation in the city, except by the banks of the river: what there is is forgotten during the winter. It is only the sight of the river which reminds the citizen of the whole community he belongs to. In the spring both students and natives of Tübingen go down to the river for boating. It is as if they were magnetized. In the spring evenings a good portion of the town crowds onto the Neckar bridge to watch the row-boats pass. I think these people are not feeling the elemental attraction which sea-dwellers feel as the tide pounds below them. Nature is a tamer, more *menschlich* force in Tübingen. It is a deep complement to civilization, rather than a raging, independent power.

Those people on the Neckar bridge probably survey more nature than the river on a spring evening. They look out toward the "Schwäbische Alb," low, moraine-rounded foothills of the Alps. In spring or summer the grass is generally emerald on those hills. They see pine trees on the hill sides, and an occasional beech or oak silhouetted against the translucent sky. If those same people climb up to an eminence of the city, like the Kaiser Wilhelm Tower, they can see the alternation of rolling hills and immaculately planted fields all the way to the distant horizon. Yet from that eminence, as much as from the Neckar bridge, they will see a civilized, meditative nature. It is neither cold nor violent. They know this well, of course, as they are probably hikers, and have explored much of the country on foot.

The Neckar, then, is the winding bond between the nature beyond and the culture within the walls of Tübingen. It can be this because, as a river, it is uniquely civilized. This is not to say that it is an effete or luxurious river. It is simply a deep, reflective partner of the time-heavy city on its banks. It is fitting that one of the clearest images in its surface should be that of the house of the poet Hölderlin. The repeated reflection of the gray slate tower of the little house is a repeated summons to remember the historical-poetic dimension which Tübingen lives in.

Softly, Darkly, Through a Glass

By ERROL PRITCHARD

You were not but you were unkind.
As you could heal, you could wound.
Some times you played me as a pawn.
I was a trifle for your hand.

Some other things I had not seen.
I was an error-taken man.
Unconscious, innocent in sleep,
You vampirised me, at dawn.

What you can take from me, you keep.
And when you die, my hand will wrap
The mummy-clothes about you. Lies
Commemorate you, in the shape

Of disenchanted draperies,
The open door just as it was,
The wind grown nothing more than wind,
Everything to its former use.

My hand is nonetheless your hand,
Your flesh being mine, and I have learned
Enough of you to see behind
The broken mirror in the hand.

ERROL PRITCHARD is a young Canadian poet whose work has appeared in *The Hudson Review* as well as several Canadian magazines.

Icarus Eager

By MARGARET COBB SHIPLEY

Now seventeen, once innocent, he glooms
Imprisoned in his father's circumstance,
A labyrinth of guilt-encrusted rooms
Echoing on muralled stone his dreams
Of sea-bird cadences and sea-wave dance;
Somehow divines, by cloud and flower forms,

His world and he are not designed in scale:
Immense the warring thunderstorm, intense
The hyacinth-illumined pool; how frail
He is within the void-resounding bell
He knows by arched and sunken violence,
Sun-hunted hawk, ocean plundered sail;

Craves the distance uttered by the bat
Who speaks in sequences beyond his range,
Pagan wit that sets the pigeon right,
Vision revelling in ultraviolet,
Layers of atmosphere beyond and strange.
Craving is believing: he will try it.

Hold to middle air, my son, beware
The sun and sea. Not he, who feather-borne
Hears more in wind than wind, feels more
In air than air, sees more in fire
Than fire—so upward to the magnet sun,
Regiment the riddles where they are!

How minor now the Minos-tainted tree,
The princeling parakeets a-whir at dawn!
Magnificent the lotus-open sky
Wherein he sails, Icarian and free. . . .
Soaring, breathes the vapors of the sun,
Plunging, drinks the caverns of the sea.

MARGARET COBB SHIPLEY's first book of poems *The Root and the Leaf* received the Durham Chapbook award at the University of New Hampshire Writers Conference and was published as Chapbook No. 5 (1950). Her first novel *The Sound of the Sun* will be published by Doubleday this summer.

Icarus Afraid

By MARGARET COBB SHIPLEY

"Alas, the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in yourself."
—Carlyle

Daedalus, who dared to dare the misadventure,
Inventor, failed to weigh the pros and cons of quick
And dead, equating young son with old sin,
Innocence with waxed wings,
Devised the wings and wax of his undoing:

Aloft, he falters now, aware one feather falls
And upward drifts to his wind-shrouded cheek and clings,
Remembers that brief whisper felt a day ago
On this same cheek when safely grounded he had raised
His face to feel it floating down. He trembles:
It touches like no other touch except fear,
Feels not so much an air-surrounded wreath as wraith
Resting there, thriving with no lung, no mind,
A thing of no material yet fastening
Its fearful lightness like a thief upon his faith,
Surrendering him.

His unbelief now is utter: no other weight
Lighter than leaf, than water (how he loved
The lilting laurel leaf, the glancing Cretan water!)
Ever told so silently, so well, how thin
A separating wall is he from nothing,
Being borne, a web of doubt and wax and string,
On blue negation over cruel Aegean,
Drawn from middle air into Icarian sun.

He waits, he fights, he falls, cries a faulty blend
Of human sob and hollow wind: knows at last
The airy ghost that pricks his cheek with feet of frost
Is his own fear most fine, most final: plunging deep,
He's phantom now, wanting even time to grieve
His lost beloved laurel bough, his rock and cave.

Little Fears

By JACK THOMAS

■ Albert Atwood could handle little fears. He kept them in a neat pocket of his mind as one would tuck a secret letter in the corner of an obscure drawer. Or hide an idea which could never stand the open inspection of conversation.

Little fears conjured a split sensation in Albert Atwood. At once they excited him and frightened him and, at the same time, gladdened his inner feeling that he had them there where only *he* could think of them and look them over objectively while he sat in the comfortable surroundings of his apartment.

The little fears encompassed a wide range of sensations—like that of great heights where he could imagine himself standing and looking downward from the vertical dizziness of the top of a building—the Empire State Building, say—and this sensation would come when Albert Atwood thought about the rather profound pinnacle of the television antenna reaching high from the building's tower. He would vicariously crawl each girder and crosspiece and bolt—as someone must have done sometime—finally to fasten the very last screw or rivet to make the job complete. He could move with that man (a very real man somewhere) even though he sat in his own comfortable living room—move with him upward with nothing near or below to prevent him from falling through a quarter of a mile of air to the impact—and sure death which waited in an angled shaft between the lesser buildings below.

Or, he could sit in his living room in the dim light of a Friday evening in October and imagine that somewhere—yes, somewhere—a person had, in the fraction of a very present moment, immured

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This is JACK THOMAS' first published short story, but he has a novel under contract to Scribner's. He is a New Yorker, employed in advertising.

himself in death. The profundity of the moment—that indistinguishable segment of a second when one passed from the experience of a living organism into a silent, unknown, non-living nothingness—frightened him. It was really remote—and yet, perhaps, so near. Who could tell?

All of the little fears were like twinges and they came infrequently. For the most part, to the world around him, Albert Atwood reflected a confident complacency—that total acceptance of his place in his milieu—a moderately successful niche that bespoke a quiet conservatism and a slightly higher-than-normal financial status. His bachelor apartment on East Fifty-Fourth Street was a true "find"—being situated in a desirable neighborhood where apartments were clamored for by droves of young career people. It gave Albert Atwood a sense of comfort and a kind of pride that he had been able to come to terms with the landlord under attractive circumstances. The rent was right. The location was good. He was satisfied.

Except for the little fears.

Factually, he had to admit to himself that the past two years had been good to him. There was a steady sense of getting-ahead in his position as Assistant Research Director of a steel corporation. He liked the atmosphere of discovering ideas through the sequence of statistics and the logic of seeing the "big" picture of the market through facts rather than guesswork. He knew he had been noticed and that his clean, concise reporting on trends and activities in the industry had reached the eyes of the people on whom his future depended. Walking home at five-fifteen, he often thought that perhaps he should be a little more aware of his blessings rather than his fears and he had started a silent mental game of counting *one* blessing for each of the five blocks of his walk. "First block—the job," he would say to himself and force himself to think of a nod of approval from one of his superiors or a memorandum of commendation for a report well-done. "Second block—apartment," he would continue and he would recount the afternoon two years before when he quietly persuaded the landlord to meet his terms of five dollars a month less than the rental figure. "Third block—future," he would count—and so on until he reached the bottom of the brownstone steps. Then his obligation was finished and it gave him an even greater sense of comfort as he walked up to his

door that he had the moral sense to say "thank you" for a fine existence—even if he was saying it to himself. Thankfulness and sincere appreciation were, to Albert Atwood, requisites for the career of business and the career of living. They sometimes helped keep the little fears out of mind and seemed to improve his attitude more and more as time went by. Truly it could be a good life!

In the quiet of his apartment, Albert Atwood had his comforts about him. He scheduled them for himself like doses of a benign medicine. There was a good high-fidelity phonograph and an ample selection of symphonies and operas. A collection of well-chosen jazz.

There was taste in the furnishings—a drapery imprinted with a Greek key design that covered the wall from high-ceiling to floor on the river-side of his living room. A large green leather chair. A desk, mahogany, with a tooled leather top. There was a rug which Albert liked to walk on in his bare feet. It was a good rug—piled high in ample cut-ends of wool. And then, too, there was the extra feeling of luxury that came with the knowledge that the rug's back and its little hand-tied knots proved it was a genuine, hand-made import.

There was a barometer on the wall. And one original oil painting which he had bought in a gift shop.

Albert Atwood liked his apartment and its accoutrements. He had planned them himself—just as he had planned his whole career and it was good. Good to know that planning had transformed desires into reality. If only he could "plan" all of his little fears out of his thinking. Then, all would be peace. Quiet, quiet, peace.

The first of the telephone calls had come on a day in August. Albert heard the ringing as he mounted the stairs toward the second-floor door to his apartment. He looked at his watch. It was 5:20 P.M.

He had an apple in his hand that he had bought at a fruit stand on Lexington Avenue. He heard the ringing continue and he stuck the apple in his mouth. He put his briefcase on the floor in front of his door and fumbled in his pocket.

The ringing continued as he nervously tried to select the proper key.

"Blazes," he uttered through the apple which held his mouth wide open, and the sound came out distorted.

He shook the keys on his chain and inserted one in the lock. The door opened and he stumbled over his briefcase into the foyer.

Walking accross the room, he bit into the apple and placed it on an ashtray on his desk and lifted the phone.

"Hullo," he muttered, still chewing the single mouthful of fruit.

"Hello, Albert," a voice said, "this is mother."

For a moment, he stood still. And then, slowly, he became rigid. It was a voice from way back—a voice from the very deep past. A voice he had to search a tiny hidden corner of his mind to remember. And yet it was there—so vivid and immediate that as soon as his consciousness accepted the memory of it, a host of other related scenes rushed madly into his brain. An image of the woman—his mother—sitting the way he liked to remember her in a white and peach colored dress—a little stout—in the white iron furniture on the lawn of a half-forgotten resort in the Poconos.

Suddenly he could remember a hundred phrases and a thousand caresses and a myriad of little female actions—the turn of her hand when she spoke—her walk, slightly stooped and yet keeping its grace and gentility—that black, beautiful hair swept away from her face and bound into a single knot above the curve of her soft back.

"Oh, my God," he gasped, and a rush of joyous tears expanded in his chest and throat.

Then, suddenly, it was over.

He stood with the phone in his hand, the receiver slightly away from his ear. And it was over. The reality of the day and the time and his own heavily beating heart wiped his mind clean and the memories were gone. For a moment, he looked out of the window at the rows of four-story brownstones across the street. Then, he turned and surveyed the very real interior of his apartment.

"My mother has been dead for nine years," he said flatly into the receiver, "and whoever this is, I—I think it's rather a bad joke."

"A bad joke," he repeated quietly, as he placed the instrument back on its cradle.

He had dropped the half-eaten apple into an ashtray on the desk and now he moved silently across the room and picked up his briefcase. He came back to the desk and placed the briefcase on the

floor. He sat in the chair in front of the desk and again looked out the window.

It was a still summer-light evening. He held his chin in his hands and stared. And slowly—ever slowly, the sound of the voice on the telephone came back. He could hear it repeating itself—again and again—"Hello, Albert, it's mother" . . . and a sense of shock and dumbness and anger gradually grew into a kind of regret that he had been so quick to hang up.

Who could it have been? But who could it have been? And, why? Oh, why? Why would someone want to do this to him—to him, Albert Atwood who had been so careful—so planning-conscious—so meticulous—so decent if he had to say so himself—and yes, he had to admit to himself—so fearful of fears. Fearful of little fears. And now, this.

He straightened himself in the chair and held the edge of his desk. He had no enemies that he knew of. There was no one who could play a trick like this. And why would they want to, anyway?

Now was a time to inspect the fears—the little things of the mind that might play tricks. And, to be perfectly rational and realistic about all of it, she *was* dead. It had been final—so awfully final that he hated to think about it. And, yet, the voice . . . the voice. It was hers. Genuine. Certainly, it *was* hers.

Gradually, an agitating tremble spread through his chest. Now it was everywhere. In his arms. In his hands. On the desk. In the rug. In the windows. And in the windows of the brownstone across the street. Now, it was a fear and it would tremble and he would have to live with it until it was over. It would be with him just as the other fears were—the fear of that one great particular moment that some person somewhere—perhaps in some house on this very street—was now experiencing—the experience of the incalculable moment of death.

But this new sense—the reality of a dead voice was one which now held every conscious level of his thinking and he knew that he would be unable to clean it away until it left of its own accord. He would have to live with it.

The effect might have been shattering but it was not. The next morning, the experience took its place next to the other little fears

of height and of death in the neat little corner of his brain, while he walked the five blocks to his office and, through the day, worked on his research of future projections of the consumption of steel products.

At noon, he looked out of his window and saw that it was raining. He picked his umbrella from the metal stand near the bank of elevators and descended to the street floor. He lunched alone at a corner table in a respectable restaurant on Fifth Avenue and listlessly watched the room full of Wednesday women shoppers.

At five o'clock, he again selected his umbrella at the office elevators, descended to the street floor, and walked along through the lobby of the building and out into the summer evening.

He walked, and the anonymity of the street gradually wrapped the presence of his day in the office, his work and his career and the reality of his confinement within four pale green office walls, into forgetfulness. The real presence of the telephone voice returned. Now, looking about him at the shops and the traffic and the intensity of five o'clock on the upper East Side of New York, he found the thought of the incident of the previous night a rather enjoyable memory. He walked near the curb so he could look at the passing people and the rushing taxicabs and still keep the privacy of his contemplation. It was dark and rainy and the wet streets reflected a distorted imagine of buildings and walking people and moving automobiles.

As he walked the final block to his apartment, he realized that he had forgotten his usual ritual of "thank you's." It did not matter. What *did* matter was the reality of the ringing of the telephone. He thought he could hear it now.

He walked faster—past the fruit stand—past the empty ashcans in front of the rows of brownstones—and ran up the steps of his house.

As he entered the vestibule through its protective doors of heavy oiled wood and frosted glass, he heard it—yes, it was there—the steady ring, ring, ring of the phone in his own apartment upstairs.

For a moment, he stopped and listened.

Then he ran up the carpeted stairs two-at-a-time, pulling the keys from his pocket.

He opened the door and stepped inside and shut it. Then he stood, breathing heavily, his palms backward against the wood of the door . . . wet. The phone rang steadily.

He walked across the room and stood next to the desk. The ringing was loud and definite.

He reached for the drawstring of the drapery and drew it closed. The phone continued.

It seemed impatient now—the ringing—filling the room with an insistence.

He backed away from the desk and looked at the instrument. It was there, noisily jangling, but mute in its communication—except that he knew that if he lifted the receiver, the voice would again be there. He wanted it to be there. He had waited for it and anticipated it even through the orderly procedure of his routine day at the office. Now, in the seclusion of his own apartment, the small but important world that he had created himself—he could feel a sense of security—complete privacy. Privacy to think. And to talk.

The phone jangled loudly.

When he lifted the receiver it was a deliberate action. Slow. Confident. Realistic.

"Hello," he said quietly—and even though he had muted his voice, the sound seemed to fill the room and echo back at him.

"Hello, Albert, it's mother," the voice said.

Now he knew that he had fully expected it. He had waited the night and the day for it. Secretly, while he had fought to keep the other world of his business and his career—his whole conscious level of living successfully—he had nurtured the knowledge of it deep within his mind. Now, with the drapery drawn, his secrecy guaranteed, his accoutrements drawn closely around him, he could relax into the very real knowledge that this second call had been inevitable.

"Hello, mother," he said and he sat in the chair. With the words finally uttered—the acceptance finally arrived—he could believe himself and his acceptance of this preposterous thing because he had the receiver of the phone next to his ear and the presence of the voice in his brain.

"Hello, mother," he said again, and he felt his whole body relax against the back of the chair. A warmth crept into his limbs. A shadow fell across the desk as he leaned forward—limp.

"Hello, there," he said quietly and happily—and then, quickly, almost violently, he heard the receiver put up on the other end of the line. There was silence. The silence of uncommunicative distance that had been the very real experience of all of his last nine years.

Again, he was alone. Alone with his little fears.

Cat and Mouse

By ERNEST KROLL

(On a display of Emily Dickinson manuscripts at the Folger Library, Washington, D.C.)

Because her thought outran
The household's frugal plan,
She hoarded bits of paper like a mouse—
To write on. A few of these laid flat
Around a locket to enchase
The posing eyes (from which the soul
Peers upward through the case)
Affect me with the sense
Of watching the eternal through a hole
With the rapt attention of a cat.

ERNEST KROLL has published two volumes of verse, *Cape Horn and Other Poems* (1952) and *The Pauses of the Eye* (1955), and is publishing a cycle of epigrams on certain aspects of the American scene, which will presently make up a third volume, *American Panels*. He holds a post in the State Department in Washington.

USAF in Oxford

By PARIS LEARY

(a history don muses in Carfax)

'Like I was saying'—there, that sums it up,
their language, like our time, is out of joint.
Wide-shouldered, slack, yet strangely graceful, apt
for tarts, or, unaccountably, for church,

architecture, milk with lunch, and films—
neo-Byzantine troops with knife-edged trousers,
practisedly aloof, in traffic nimble,
but somehow never looking right or left—

they would not be surprised to find a eunuch
with gilded brows crying in the crowd
before a litter, or to be construed
with well-bred apathy through emeralds.

They have seen enough to know the world
is crazy, un-American, and shabby;
nothing ruffles these imperial guards
who are too young and too experienced

to be aroused by customs which perplex them.
The Empire grows; and nations rise and fall,
and it will be Madrid or Cairo next,
all strange, all Mom-less, all kaleidoscoped.

'No, ma'am, yes, ma'am,' courteous and lonely,
reluctant through good manners to possess,
only the barrier of a common language
defeats them; and we watch them shuffle past,

wondering at the craft of history,
thinking of the gold-domed sunlit city
blazing by the hot Bosphorus
and these unwilling, frightened conquerors.

PARIS LEARY is a young American poet now doing graduate work at Oxford. His work has appeared in literary magazines both in Britain and America; most recently he guest-edited an issue of the *Beloit Poetry Journal* containing a selection of poetry by the so-called "New Movement" in British verse.

The Second Reconstruction: An Analysis from the Deep South

By WILLIAM G. CARLETON

■ Since the Little Rock crisis certain timid and imperceptive journalists and commentators in the nation have raised doubts about the practicality of implementing in the South even in a token way the desegregation decision of the Supreme Court. In effect they are saying to go slow, back up, at all costs prevent another "tragic era" like that of the First Reconstruction from 1865 to 1877.

This attitude reveals an egregiously false notion of the situation in the South, the nation, and the world. Conditions in this second or new Reconstruction—which has been in process since 1944, beginning with the outlawing of the white primaries—are far different from what they were in the first Reconstruction. Implementing this second Reconstruction will lead to no tragic era, but backing down would most certainly lead to one, a tragic era far more pervasive and far-reaching than the "tragic era" of the 1860's and the 1870's.

Compromise now would be surrender. It would be a surrender of morality and law. It would be a surrender of America's spiritual heritage. It would be a surrender of the ideals of Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Emerson, Whitman, Wilson, and the second Roosevelt. It would be a surrender to dying elements in the deep South itself, a surrender to the dwindling older generation in a few Southern states. It would be a surrender of our world leadership in the fight against Soviet totalitarianism, and therefore it would put in grave jeopardy national survival itself.

Articles of WILLIAM G. CARLETON, Professor of Political Science at the University of Florida, have appeared frequently in these pages. His "Time to Rescue Our Politicians" appeared in the Summer, 1957 issue.

There is no denying that the implementing of the Supreme Court's decision has been bungled. The President, the spokesman of the nation, the natural molder of public opinion, and the instrument through which federal law is enforced, has been hesitant to the point of negligence. Immediately after the court's decision the President should have made many and repeated appeals to the moral conscience of the nation. And while never for an instant losing sight of the basic morality of the decision as a stupendous good in itself, as another great step toward America's realization of its spiritual self, he boldly and repeatedly should have linked it with the strategy of American foreign policy. He should have explained just why at this stage of the world's history America can not win the cold war, can not stand forth as the champion of democratic, libertarian, human, and humane values in the world, so long as it maintains in its own society an ugly racial caste system which hypocritically denies the most elementary of human rights to large segments of its own people. Had the vital and decisive link between civil rights at home and survival abroad really been brought home to the American people, and particularly to Southerners, then overt acts of resistance to moderate and gradual desegregations worked out by the local communities themselves would have been appraised in public opinion for just what they are—acts of treason as monstrous as those of the Rosenbergs, but actually far more damaging in our world fight for survival.

Moreover, the President has been remiss on the administrative level. The federal district courts alone are not equipped to handle the implementing details. Presidential advisory councils of leading citizens should have been set up in every county of the land to work with the administration and the courts and to counsel local opinion. Even in the most unprepared counties of the deep South, in the early days following the desegregation decision, leading citizens could have been found to serve on the Presidential county councils—for a Presidential appeal to both self-esteem and patriotism is indeed hard to resist—and then these leading citizens would have been personally committed to federal policy. There is little doubt that in this way even a man like Governor Faubus could early have been committed and "hooked" to national policy. Again, in the most delicate areas, these Presidential councils should have been provided the services of

trained sociologists and public relations specialists. How appalling, how sickening, it is that every year we spend millions of dollars to educate specialists in social and human relations and then fail to call on these specialists, to perform functions for which they are peculiarly fitted and trained, in a crisis involving the very survival of free societies everywhere.

Today we must be far more interested in future effectiveness than in past mistakes. It is still not too late for an aroused President and administration to do some of the things they should have been doing since 1954.

The Little Rock crisis is not all disaster. In several ways it may lead to advances. It may arouse the President, the administration, and the people of the nation. Very important, and a thing not yet commented on by observers, it has made a tremendous impression on the young people—the grade-school, the high-school, and the college population—of the deep South. Here is a crisis which affects *them*. They are the actors. They see themselves or their kind in sensational newspaper headlines, in photographs, in displays in the country's magazines of mass circulation, and on television programs. Now, they may thrill at the tune of Dixie, sport little Confederate flags on their bicycles and cars, and indulge in all sorts of sectional gasconading. But this is only a charade; it has no reality or substance behind it. Up to now, if they have considered the matter at all, they have thought that the conflict of their section with the rest of the country was something in a history book. What they are now experiencing in their personal lives seems either very far-fetched and not worth all the bother or surprisingly and shockingly out of line with national behavior. The extent to which Southern traditional values are at variance with national values is being brought home to them in a dramatically impressive way. With themselves the center of the drama, they see their parents, some of their teachers, and much of the older generation in direct and overt conflict with national opinion, with the rest of America, and with the President of the United States—and a very popular president at that. Call it nationalism, or patriotism, or the stereotyped behavior of the other-directed society, but the reaction of all this on impressionable young people and students in the South is certainly not going to be to the liking or to the advantage of Southern traditionalists. It is well to re-

member, too, that the young people in the schools of the South, like young people in schools in all parts of the nation, are getting an education which stresses democratic living in a way their elders never got, and hence the young people are much more conscious of the conflict between democratic values and a racial caste system.

Conditions in the South, the nation, and the world are much different today from what they were when the North, in 1877, backed away from Reconstruction while the job was still only partially completed. This time conditions are such that there will be no backing away. The second Reconstruction is here to stay; this time it will stick, although the road ahead will be slow and tortuous. Why will this second Reconstruction stick? What are the reasons?

First, the fluid and dynamic industrial society of today necessarily produces a more interdependent, integrated, democratic, and egalitarian society. In 1776, the Declaration of Independence dedicated the United States to a society in which all men were free and equal. However, at that time technological backwardness inevitably left some localities, sections, groups, and classes more or less isolated, underprivileged, and exploited. Even in Lincoln's time and during the first Reconstruction this was still true, although to a lesser degree. However, the technological revolution of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, resulting in the Machine Age, has with increasing acceleration been lowering the barriers separating localities, sections, groups, and classes. Tremendous levelling forces are at work. Economic standards of living have risen and educational and career opportunities have widened for all individuals and classes. The complicated economic and social "machine" of contemporary society demands for its successful and continuous operation greater awareness and training of all. Groups once underprivileged and exploited are no longer underprivileged and can no longer be exploited as they were. With rising living standards and educational advantages, members of once-exploited groups have come to have more and more respect for themselves, and they are demanding and getting more and more respect from others.

The dilemma poised by Gunnar Myrdal, the conflict in America between democratic professions and actual racial practices, is being resolved. The technological revolution is literally forcing Americans to resolve their racial dilemma, and other undemocratic incon-

sistencies, in favor of ways more in harmony with America's traditional democratic and egalitarian ethos.

Second, the development of ethnology and anthropology in the twentieth century has made it impossible to take seriously the naive notions of race held in the past. To talk today about biologically pure races or biologically inferior and superior races is to talk nonsense. The cultural concept of society has replaced the racial concept. Educated and responsible people now know that different attitudes and aptitudes of different groups, nations, and societies are largely cultural and not racial. They know, too, that every society, no matter its racial history, contains superior, inferior, and mediocre individuals.

But the intellectual atmosphere at the time of the retreat from the first Reconstruction and well into the second decade of this century was quite otherwise. During the last three decades of the nineteenth century and until about the 1920's, even scholarly and "scientific" circles were much influenced by racist theories like those of Gobineau, Ammon, Lapouge, E. A. Freeman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Madison Grant, and Lothrop Stoddard. The Social Darwinism of the latter nineteenth century intensified and popularized racist theories. Racism reached its height in world-wide influence at the turn of the century when the imperialism of the white Westerner was furiously busy reducing the remaining parts of Asia, the Middle East, and Africa to colonies, protectorates, dependencies, and spheres of influence. Imperialism was dominant and took for its mystique and rationale "manifest destiny" and "the white man's burden." (It was at this time that white Southerners seized the opportunity to institutionalize in law the disfranchisement of Southern Negroes and the segregated Jim Crowism which up to this time had existed largely in the customs and social pressures of a dominantly patriarchal agrarian society.)

But underneath, the development of the sciences of ethnology and anthropology had been taking place, and by the 1920's the work of Franz Boas and a host of other anthropologists was convincing the educated and even penetrating to the uneducated. Today this intellectual revolution which has replaced racial concepts by cultural concepts, has been accepted by scientists and laymen the world over and is challenged only by crypto-fascist fringe groups.

Third, we are in the midst of a prolonged, life-and-death world crisis, and a central element of this crisis is the anti-imperialist revolutions of the colonial and colored peoples of Asia, the Middle East, and Africa. Indeed, in a sense the Communist revolutions themselves are only one aspect of the larger anti-imperialist revolutions. The colonial peoples are in the process of expelling the foreign governing powers, establishing national independence, uprooting their exploiting feudal classes at home, and rapidly laying the foundations of modernization, mechanization, and industrialization. For many reasons the Communist way of accomplishing these things appeals to them, and there is an ever-present tendency for anti-imperialist revolutions and Communist revolutions to merge, as they did in China and in northern Indochina. It is a major objective of American foreign policy to prevent such mergers and to win the adherence of the anti-imperialist revolutions to democracy or at least to a mixture of liberal capitalism and social democracy. Given the attraction of the Russian and Chinese revolutions for the underdeveloped peoples, the American objective is difficult enough, but it becomes even more so because of the deep suspicions colonial peoples have for "Western imperialists." A strong element of this feeling against the West is the belief among colonial peoples that the Westerners are racists, believers in white superiority and supremacy. There is much in the history of Western imperialism to give credence to this belief, and the West in its battle with communism must do everything it can to dispel it.

Among the colonial peoples there is, however, much sympathy for the American heritage of anti-colonialism and democracy and for America's traditional stand for the self-determination of peoples. For many of the leaders of the anti-colonial revolutions, Jefferson, Lincoln, Whitman, Wilson, and the second Roosevelt are heroes of giant stature. Yet the colonial and colored peoples struggling to be free are puzzled by America's racial attitudes and practices at home. Every advance along the racial front in America is heralded in the mass-communication media of Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America. Every racial lapse and back-set in America is received by the peoples of these areas with disappointment, misgivings, anger, resentment, and contempt. For America to surrender at home to its domestic racists would alienate the uncommitted and lukewarm

peoples and even America's allies, and it would spell disaster for America in the cold war. For this reason the fight against racism at home is linked inexorably and permanently to the very battle for existence, and there can be no compromise, no retreat, no surrender at home without bringing catastrophe to ourselves and the whole non-Soviet world.

Fourth, the South of today is a far cry from the South of the first Reconstruction. The South of the first Reconstruction was a land of social revolution, seething with bitterness and hatred and fear, and suffering in the belief that it was the victim of Northern revenge. No such atmosphere remotely exists in the South of today.

The South of the first Reconstruction was a South in which in many states and many localities the Negro population far exceeded the white, but today the Negro population does not exceed the white in a single state, and the proportion of whites to Negroes is increasing all the time. Southern Negroes today are different, too. Southern Negroes are better educated and employed and they enjoy a vastly higher standard of living than they did in the days of the first Reconstruction. They are far more nationalized, and there is scarcely a Southern Negro family that has not had one or more of its members living for a time or working for a time or being educated for a time in the North. Southern Negroes, like Negroes the country over, have developed their own middle classes and their own middle-class leaders, and the days are now gone when the Uncle Tom Negro or the Negro minister or the Negro mortician could speak for all Negroes. Negro middle-class leadership is independent and alert leadership and it goes after benefits for all Negroes and not just handouts for a few rotten-borough politicians and exploiting insiders.

And Southern white folks have changed, too. Superficially, the white people of the South seem united against the second Reconstruction, particularly against desegregation. There is no doubt whatever that the vast majority of Southern whites prefer segregation. But when one penetrates below the surface he realizes that the situation is more complex, and the degree of intensity of feeling differs so markedly among the various white groups as to amount to a difference of kind. Among high school and college students there is in general no strong feelings one way or the other. This holds true for the nonurban as well as the urban areas, although

there is even less feeling about the matter in urban than in nonurban areas. Among the generation in the prime of life, the generation in the thirty- and forty-year-old age groups, the generation which participated most actively in the war against the Nazis and the Fascists, there is more traditional race feeling, but it is not nearly so strong as it was among comparable age groups in the years before World War II. Among the older generation, race feelings are much stiffer, but even there they are not what they were twenty years ago.

Scores and scores of counties in the deep South have no White Citizens' Councils at all, and in many that do have them they are weak and perfunctory. When the Citizens' Councils of Florida were organized on a state-wide basis several months ago, the places on the executive council for several congressional districts had to be left vacant for lack of candidates. The Ku Klux Klan in the South has increased its membership since the outlawing of the white primary, and particularly since the desegregation decision, but even with these proddings, it has not even begun to reach the size and enthusiasm of the Klan of the 1920's.

Incidents involving the White Citizens' Councils or the Klan or involving the dramatic and the sensational in general are too often puffed up in the national and the world press out of all proportion to their true significance. For instance, last August, "Island in the Sun," the movie boldly portraying romantic love between individuals of the white and Negro races, played at one of the leading theatres of Jacksonville. This in itself is most significant, for such a thing would have been unthinkable twenty years ago or even ten years ago; Jacksonville is a city typical of the deep South, being peopled largely by folks from Georgia. The theatre was picketed by members of the Ku Klux Klan, yet apparently there was little effect on attendance, which was good. The first night of the showing, the Ku Klux Klan, in full regalia, paraded before the theater. This was played up sensationally by the national press and by newspapers all over the world. I attended the theater that very evening and was present during the Klan demonstration. Actually it was a most tame affair. There were not more than one hundred Klansmen in all. They marched, men and women, single file, and barely strung out for two blocks. The picketers left their positions and donned Klan regalia to make a better showing of paraders. Only about half the marchers were

members of the Jacksonville Klan, and Klansmen from Georgia had to be brought in to make even the meager showing that was made. The crowds which gathered were small and undemonstrative, even apathetic. This, I think, is typical of the exaggeration of the national and international press when reporting on race incidents from the South. The incident illustrates, too, that race relations, instead of being "put back fifty years in the South by the Supreme Court decision," have in fact been moved forward in Southern opinion itself, however reluctantly and resentfully, by that decision.

The unanimous or near-unanimous votes of deep South legislatures on the desegregation issue and the fire-eating speeches of legislators are also deceptive. For nearly a quarter of a century I have been a professor of Political Science at the University of Florida. In consequence, I have come to know personally many of the state's legislators, and scores of them have been students of mine at the University. Without doubt a majority of the Florida legislature is sincerely segregationist. But in confidence many legislators will tell you that they vote for segregation only to satisfy what they think are the wishes of their constituents or influential fellow legislators. Some day, they say, they will get around to voting their own convictions, and a few of them do now. One did this in the 1956 legislature and was victoriously returned to office. Still others are sincerely troubled. Like numberless Southerners, they are troubled by a schism in their own souls. The same dilemma which Myrdal observed as rending American society rends the individual minds and hearts of thousands of Southerners, politicians and nonpoliticians. The truth is that if the nation were now to back away from the second Reconstruction, some of the most surprised people would be among the very politicians who beat their breasts in apparent intransigence on the race question.

Traditional racial attitudes are held most firmly by the older generation of the old rural counties of the planter South with stationary or declining populations. But such countries are dwindling in number. Large parts of the deep South are undergoing industrialization and urbanization. These areas are studded with communities receiving infusions of new and transplanted populations, and in such communities traditional attitudes are weakened and diluted, no matter whether the transplanted populations are from Northern

communities or from Southern communities or from other communities in the same state.

Today, a majority of Southern white opinion has fastened on the South a policy of passive resistance to desegregation. The North must continue to take the initiative, as it has always had to do to get any substantial racial advances in the South. It would be tragic if the North overestimated the intensity of Southern white resistance and allowed itself to be cowed. The second Reconstruction will gradually win in the South if the rest of the country persists in implementing it—but only if the rest of the country persists.

Fifth, the political balance of power in the nation is far different from what it was at the time the North backed away from the first Reconstruction. The truth is that the Radical Republicans backed away from the first Reconstruction in 1877 because there were large parts of the North they could no longer carry with them. The Irish-Catholic populations in the large eastern cities had never been enthusiastic about "Mr. Lincoln's War," and they were even less enthusiastic about Radical Reconstruction. They feared freed Negroes would migrate to the eastern cities, compete with cheap immigrant labor, and still further depress the standard of living of the working classes. Even more important politically at the time, the Border states of Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri had little or no sympathy for drastic social innovations in the South. The people of the Border states were in social outlook oriented to Southern views. But this is not all. In social orientation the southern parts of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were Southern in their social views and practices, and indeed the majority of the population in the lower parts of these states was Southern in origin. The truth is that at that time the real dividing line between the Southern outlook and the Northern outlook was not the Ohio River but a line from Wheeling, West Virginia, extending on to Columbus, Ohio, to Indianapolis, Indiana, to Springfield, Illinois, and through the upper part of Missouri. North of this imaginary line was Northern in its orientation, south of this line was Southern in its orientation.

Today this situation is drastically changed. The minorities in our great industrial cities are strong for civil rights. Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois are now much more nationally oriented than Southern oriented. Southern social views have also greatly weakened

in the Border states. Even along the periphery of the real South—in Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Texas, and Florida—there has been an appreciable weakening of traditional Southern views. The real South is being narrowed to a hard core of old planter states, and even in these, industrialization and urbanization are softening traditional attitudes.

Sixth, during the first Reconstruction the South found a national defender in the Democratic party. The Democratic party of Horatio Seymour and Samuel J. Tilden in the East and the Democratic party of George H. Pendleton, Allen G. Thurman, Daniel Voorhees, and Thomas A. Hendricks in the Middle West took the side of the South. In the presidential elections of 1868, 1872, and 1876, the standard bearers of the national Democratic party carried the torch for the South.

Today the party situation is completely different. No national party will take the side of the South on civil rights issues. Indeed, each of the national parties is competing with the other to prove to the country that it is the better friend of civil rights. Today there is far less sectional jockeying for presidential nominations and in presidential elections than there was in the late 1860's and the 1870's. Since 1920 there has been no stalemated Republican national convention; since 1924 there has been no stalemated Democratic national convention. The days of the dark horses and the favorite sons seem to be finished. Beginning with 1928 and ever since, both parties in every presidential nominating convention have nominated not only a national favorite but *the outstanding* national favorite. During the twentieth century there have been fifteen presidential elections, and all of these except two—that of 1916 and 1948—have been national landslides.

The Democratic party no longer needs the South to win presidential elections, and for the Democratic party to soften its stand on civil rights would be a sure way to lose a national election. Even if for reasons of expediency some Democratic party politicians shoul be tempted to soften the party's views on civil rights to save party support in the South, they would be powerless to do so because the kinds of people and groups which today make up the bulk of that party outside the South would not allow it. Even in a situation of conflicting expediencies, the practical advantages of appealing to the

Negro and other minority groups in the nation and in the powerful and pivotal industrial states would overwhelmingly outweigh the practical advantages of attempting to retain the South. In short, the civil rights issue happens to be one of those issues in which the national interest, moral right, and political expediency are all combined.

In many ways, then, historical trends are converging to make the long-run triumph of the New Reconstruction inevitable. There will be no compromise, no retreat, no surrender. It is well for America and for America's world leadership that this is so.

Finally, a word about the author, who lives in the deep South, but who none the less has felt impelled to speak out. My own background is Southern oriented. I was born in Evansville, Indiana, which Theodore Dreiser, who was reared there, has called "that bit of the South jutting up into Indiana." For decades my father published a newspaper in neighboring Warrick County, a county which voted for Breckinridge, the secessionist presidential candidate, in 1860. My father's newspaper had been founded back in 1850 and supported Breckinridge in 1860. My father carried on the Democratic tradition of the newspaper and was a Democrat of the Hendricks-Voorhees school. As a boy, I heard Indiana's Democratic Governor Tom Marshall (later Wilson's Vice-President) exclaim at our breakfast table: "By God, Stephen A. Douglas was a bigger man than Abraham Lincoln; Douglas was the greatest man since Saint Paul; I have always been a Douglas Democrat and I still am." This is typical of the political atmosphere in which I was reared. For the past quarter of a century I have lived in the deep South and have a profound affection for the country and its people.

But in spite of my nostalgic attachments to the old Border country as it was, to the old Democratic party as it once was, and to the South in which I have lived so long, I have been driven by the exigency of the domestic crisis and its irrevocable link to the still greater world crisis to state things as I see them and as clearly as I can.

For let us make no mistake about it: The indications multiply that we are losing both the technological and the ideological battle to the Russians, and the ideological battle we shall surely lose if we do not set our racial house in order right here in America.

Negro Insurrectionist

By JOHN LOFTON

> They never fail who die
> In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;
> Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
> Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
> But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
> Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
> They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
> Which overpower all others, and conduct
> The world at last to freedom.
>
> From Lord Byron's *Marino Faliero*, II, ii.

■ By conventional civilized standards, Denmark Vesey was a failure. In the name of freedom he planned a massacre. He employed his considerable talents to foment disaffection against government. The authorities at Charleston, South Carolina, where he lived, condemned him not only for treason but for the "grossest impiety." When he died newspapers from near and far affirmed that he had got his just desert.

But some forty years after this man's death Frederick Douglass, in urging Negroes to take up the Union's arms in the cause of freedom, called on them to "remember Denmark Vesey." The call was not ignored. By 1901 Archibald Grimke had conferred on Vesey and his followers the characterization of "the martyrs of 1822." In 1957 Margaret Just Butcher, in her book *The Negro in American*

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Culture, perceived a need to accord Vesey a proper place in the history of his country.

The range of comments on Vesey reflects a transmutation of the nation's social and ethical attitudes. As the slave insurrection, of which Vesey was the father, recedes into the past, the offense of plotting revolt diminishes in relation to the magnitude of a slave society's offense against the plotters. Vesey may have chosen a means of protest which his contemporaries, North and South, visualized with horror. But today the barbarity of the system he aimed to overthrow engenders even wider revulsion.

Moreover, Vesey's courage, apparent from any assessment of his prospects, must arouse admiration. He chose to measure his strength and his wits against overwhelming odds. In 1822 when he called the slaves of South Carolina to arms, there had already been some 150 Negro revolts in the United States, with not one having registered anything close to a telling triumph. In South Carolina alone several hundred Negroes up to that time had lost their lives in fruitless concerted attempts to secure their freedom—while the corresponding losses of their heavily armed masters were negligible.

Viewed in the perspective of history, however, Vesey emerges as a leader whose effort was not vainly spent. In the black man's long uphill struggle toward freedom, each assault on the citadel of white domination has supplied inspiration for further attempts to throw off oppression. Vesey pointed to Haiti. Subsequent fighters, including the abolitionists, pointed to Vesey. As the struggle progressed, it gained new adherents. In Vesey's time the abolitionist movement had hardly begun. It grew in succeeding decades until it supplied a dedicated national following for John Brown's fanatical stroke against slavery in 1859. In the presidential election of 1860 the anti-slavery forces exerted a decisive influence. By 1866 a new national policy was being initiated to confer the rights of citizenship on Negroes.

Though implementation of the promise of Negro equality has been painfully, dishearteningly slow, the Supreme Court has now struck down the impossible doctrine of separate but equal justice for different races. And today—four years after the historic decision—the outright foes of Negro freedom are in the minority. The

change wrought by 136 years can best be appreciated by noting how in 1822 the nation's laws and political institutions were almost hopelessly weighted against the Negro.

When an obscure Negro carpenter named Denmark Vesey galvanized the attention of the country with a plan for a slave uprising, the press not surprisingly regarded him as a deluded nonentity. But while Vesey before 1822 was little known even in the city where he had lived for nearly forty years, he was no ordinary servitor. He had the bearing of a leader. A man of imposing strength with an impetuous temper and a commanding manner, he inspired respect among his followers. He knew several languages. He read about current events, including congressional debates on slavery. During his fifty-five or more years, he had undergone international schooling for protest against the overweening society in which he was forced to live. His travels had taught him that slavery was not the natural condition of Negroes and he had learned that some of them had broken their bonds with the sword.

As a slave boy on the West Indian island of St. Thomas during the 1770's, Denmark Vesey had been under the tutelage of the Danes who used the island as a base for their trade in human chattels. Their teaching included some harsh lessons in the unwisdom of aspiring to freedom. Their legally prescribed method of dealing with leaders of runaways was that they be "pinched thrice" with red hot irons and then hanged. A Negro found guilty of conspiracy was to lose a leg unless his owner requested a lessening of the sentence to 150 lashes and the loss of the culprit's ears. Slaves failing to report a plot of which they had knowledge were to be branded on the forehead and to receive 150 lashes.

In 1781 while he was still only a boy of fourteen, Denmark, along with 389 other slaves, was loaded on a ship bound for St. Domingue. The vessel's master, Captain Joseph Vesey, observed the alert, intelligent youth and took him into his cabin, dressed him in presentable clothes, and made a pet out of him. But when Vesey's ship reached its destination at Cap Français, St. Domingue, the cabin boy was sold along with his fellow bondsmen in the profitable slave market of the bustling French colony. Thus Denmark's next teachers were the French of St. Domingue who, even as he lived there, were unwittingly nurturing the instigators of a bloody

slave revolution that in a few years would overthrow French dominion on the rich Caribbean isle.

At the time of Captain Vesey's next call at St. Domingue, he was told that the purchaser of the lad from the tiny Danish outpost maintained that the boy was unsound and subject to epilepsy. When the king's physician agreed with the planter, the captain was forced to take Denmark back. Hence the youth quit the daybreak-to-sunset routine of the sugar plantation for the more unpredictable schedule of the slave ship. Denmark's return to Captain Vesey marked the beginning of a long-term apprenticeship both afloat and ashore.

The captain was a Bermuda islander, seasoned at sea, who moved from one nautical command to another with the ease of a dispatch rider changing horses. As master of sloops, brigantines, and schooners, he ranged from Bermuda to the Carolina coast and to Barbados. His schoolroom was the airy blue-green Caribbean, sunny and stormy in swiftly changing moods. His calling was one with a tradition of iron discipline and not much consideration for the niceties of ethical conduct.

The decks of a slave ship were not allocated in terms of passenger living space but in terms of stowage space for freight, albeit the freight was human. By building temporary platforms in the 'tween decks area of their ships, slavers created maximum cargo capacity. It mattered not that the living cargo had to be stowed lying down. And often, to make use of every available inch, it was stowed spoon fashion like silver in a chest. If the "freight" rebelled against this kind of handling, it was shackled to the deck.

The stench of the slave quarters hovered in the nostrils of the ship's occupants despite efforts to keep them clean. Slaves were required to spend nights and bad weather periods in the fetid atmosphere below decks. Denmark's position as a member of the ship's company gave him some release from this regimen. But his occupation, even considering this mollifying aspect, was sufficient to give him a liberal education in the callous practices involved in the business of buying, selling, and transporting human merchandise.

Two years more or less at sea hardened the young slave and added to his knowledge of the world. Denmark acquired, in addition to the usual maritime lore, further contact with Danish, French,

and English, the languages which he had encountered already in his island and shipboard homes.

During the summer of 1783, with years of the rugged life of a mariner behind him, Captain Vesey prepared to settle in Charleston. Having put in there many times since his first visit more than a dozen years earlier, he was familiar enough with the port to open a business as a dealer in ship's supplies and slaves. *The South Carolina Gazette and General Advertiser* announced his terms.

Charleston at this time was the fourth city of the United States, outranked only by New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. As a cosmopolitan port, it quickly imported ideas from abroad. Even the equalitarian concepts of the French Revolution found a ready opening in the city, dominated though it was by a planter and merchant aristocracy. But when liberty and equality exploded in a more virulent form in the colony of St. Domingue, Charleston harbored fears that its own Negro inhabitants might be infected by the "new-fangled French philosophy." By 1793, with French refugees pouring into the South Carolina port, Charlestonians could not banish a dread that some of the loyal St. Domingue slaves accompanying their masters might relate "what ought to be suppressed."

Charleston Negroes, later evidence showed, were indeed affected with the spirit of St. Domingue. Captain Joseph Vesey unwittingly provided a conduit for the infection. As treasurer of a relief committee for the displaced colonists, his door was open to them; and any accompanying servants found in Denmark an expatriated brother with whom they could communicate.

As the years went by Denmark could note in the Charleston papers cryptic reference to the slaveholders' "calamity" on the island where he had once lived. Meanwhile he patronized the East Bay Street lottery, hoping to acquire the means to end his own private misfortune. A bright day dawned in 1800 when Denmark, with $600 of a $1,500 lottery prize, was allowed to purchase his own body from Captain Vesey and to walk out into the streets as his own man. He joined a little community of about a thousand free Negroes in a city where the overwhelming majority of the members of his own race were slaves. With his remaining $900 he launched a career as a carpenter.

The young "free" man soon found that the world of emancipated Negroes was really a sort of limbo between bondage and real freedom. These Negroes had no vote and took no part in political decisions. They were prohibited from appearing as witnesses in court. A Charleston city ordinance of 1783 required every free Negro above the age of fifteen to purchase a badge for five shillings from the city treasurer and wear it suspended from his neck in full view.

Nor could Vesey ignore violence done the Negro, slave or free. In 1793 a Negro man in South Carolina was tried for witchcraft, convicted, and hanged. Two Negro slaves in Charleston were charged in 1802 with stealing several articles of merchandise; adjudged guilty, they were each sentenced to have one ear cropped and to receive 150 lashes. In 1808 two Negroes in Charleston were sentenced to be burned alive.

If these happenings in themselves were not enough to nourish the seeds of insurrection in the mind of Denmark Vesey, there were dissatisfactions in his personal life that would help the idea grow. In addition to bearing the worrisome restrictions that were placed upon his own freedom, he had to stand by and see his children—because they were the offspring of slave mothers—being reared as slaves.

For any Negro bent on a desperate gamble for liberty, precedent and inspiration were not lacking. Apart from the surreptitiously transmitted oral news of events in St. Domingue, pamphlets which slave-holders objected to as "inflammatory" were smuggled into Charleston. And during the time of Denmark's residence in Charleston, eleven slave revolts or attempted slave revolts took place in South Carolina.

Observing to a companion one day that his "fellow creatures" were living an "abominable life," Denmark Vesey declared that he wanted to see what he could do for them. In order to translate this wish into action, he became the father of a plan which abolitionist Thomas Higginson called "the most elaborate insurrectionary project ever formed by American slaves." In "boldness of conception and thoroughness of organization," said Higginson later, "there has been nothing to compare with it."

Vesey began with the psychological preparation of prospective participants. He chided acquaintances for deferential treatment of white people. Attending Negro religious meetings made possible by relaxation of the customary ban against them, he used these occasions to exhort potential followers. His familiarity with languages and his ability to read gave him an intellectual command over his associates and opened to him sources of inspiration not directly available to them.

From *Exodus* he read them of God's promise to deliver those in bondage from the hands of their taskmasters and to lead them into a new land. In *Joshua* he found authority for annihilating the enemies of the people who had been saved from slavery:

> And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword.

In playing his Biblical role, Vesey himself wore the beard and the air of an Old Testament captain. Like the leaders he emulated, he exhibited great endurance. He traveled as far as eighty miles from the city to recruit slaves for his enterprise.

Once Vesey had won sufficient confidence from audiences, he talked of the success the Haitians had had in establishing their independence. He read to his partisans passages from the newspapers relating to St. Domingue and excerpts from speeches against slavery in Congress. In secret meetings at his home he urged picked recruits to join a fight for their freedom and their rights.

To help carry out his project, Vesey selected able lieutenants. Among them was Peter Poyas, a ship's carpenter and a man with a keen insight into character. "Take care," was Poya's advice to the would-be insurgents, "and don't mention it to those waiting men who receive presents of old coats from their masters, or they'll betray us." Other leaders were Ned and Rolla Bennett, slaves of the Governor, and Gullah Jack, who was believed to be a sorcerer with a charmed life.

Upwards of 9,000 Negroes were enrolled for the attack by mid-June of 1822, four years after the preparations were said to have begun. The cache of weapons included 250 pike heads and bayonets, over 300 daggers, and swords and guns for the leaders. Additional

weapons were to be secured by slaves stealthily taking their owners' arms on the day of the uprising and by seizure of the arsenals and guardhouses in the initial assault.

The date set for the outbreak was July 14, a Sunday, because on that day it was customary for many slaves to enter the city; hence they would not be molested by the patrols when they came for the pre-insurrection rendezvous. A summer month was chosen because at this season many whites left the city and the plantations for resorts promising cooler weather. On the appointed day couriers were to be sent into the country to bring in plantation Negroes. Those who came to the city in canoes from across the Ashley and Cooper rivers were to be concealed in the houses of confederates living nearest their places of assembling. Final word on the plan of attack was to be passed to the insurgents at prayer meeting. The battle plan called for Vesey's army to move when the clock struck midnight.

Seven different companies were to move simultaneously on the arsenals, guardhouses, gun shops, and designated strong points. An eighth company, made up of draymen, hostlers, and others who had access to horses, was to ride hither and yon on the streets, killing all white citizens they met and preventing them from assembling or spreading the alarm. Once the first objectives were under their control, the insurrectionists would set fire to the city and begin a general slaughter of whites and of Negroes who did not join them.

As early as May 25 the city authorities had a tip from one of those "waiting men" about whom Peter Poyas had spoken. But when much investigation did not produce any hard clues, they dismissed it as a rumor. Meanwhile the insurgents, fearing betrayal, advanced the day of rebellion from July 14 to June 16. Not until June 14, forty-eight hours before the newly scheduled time for revolt, did officials gain from a second "waiting man" enough detailed information to enable them to fully appreciate their peril. On Friday evening, by order of the Governor, the commanding officers of the city militia regiments convened at the intendant's residence to plan measures for meeting the approaching emergency of Sunday night. Five units ordered to report for duty at ten Sunday evening were all placed under the command of Colonel

Robert Y. Hayne. There were 2,500 men under arms for the anticipated action. The watchmen at the two or three signal stations were doubled. Sixteen hundred rounds of ball cartridges had already been issued to the guard.

As the attack hour approached there was great excitement among the inhabitants of the city. On Sunday evening the streets were filled until a late hour with persons who were uncertain whether it was safe to retire. Even children did not go to bed. Unknown to the authorities at the time, Denmark Vesey and his lieutenants had held a meeting at four that afternoon. When it became apparent from the number of troops on duty that the slaveholders were prepared, Vesey sent word to out-of-town followers to depart as soon as possible and await further orders. For the success of the venture depended on surprise.

The next day the City Council convened and named from among its members a committee of vigilance and safety to aid the intendant in investigating the suspected plot and in rounding up the participants. This group began its work on the evening of the 17th, and within twenty-four hours ten slaves were arrested. Peter Poyas and Ned, Rolla, and Batteau Bennett, slaves of the Governor, were among the first to be taken into custody. A special court, operating in secret under the peculiar slave law of the state, met on the 19th to arraign the accused rebels. Denmark Vesey was still unaccounted for. He had gone into hiding on the 17th. For days the authorities searched the city for him without success. As long as he remained at large the conspirators could nourish the hope of a later attempt.

Finally on the night of June 22 the frantic man-hunters found their quarry. Vesey's captors believed they had foiled a plan by the master conspirator to escape by ship and be free to plot another day. Even the capture of Vesey, however, did not quiet the city's fears. On June 29 John Potter wrote to Langdon Cheves in Philadelphia that the insurgents had planned a campaign of murder which would have exceeded "if possible [that of] the Demons of St. Domingo." He expected that the conspiracy would continue unless the community got rid of the "poison" which he feared had been "too deeply and . . . successfully introduced."

While Charleston seethed with such comments, often guardedly expressed even in private letters, the authorities had moved to bring the affair to a swift conclusion. The insurrection leader was brought to trial on Thursday, June 27, with Colonel G. W. Cross attending as his counsel. Though the "Official Report" of the trials is silent as to what defense, if any, the lawyer offered, Vesey himself was said to be active in his own behalf. He sat with his arms folded, his eyes fixed on the floor and listened closely to the evidence offered against him. When he was permitted to cross-examine some of the seven witnesses against him, his manner ran the gamut from sternness to surprise and disbelief that they would thus testify about him. But despite a skillful defense, Denmark Vesey was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on the gallows as "the author, and original instigator of this diabolical plot". . . a design "to trample on all laws, human and divine; to riot in blood, outrage, rapine and conflagration, and to induce anarchy and confusion in their most horrid forms."

Ignoring an entreaty from the court to be like the penitent thief on the cross, Vesey refused to confess anything. Like most of the leaders, he remained true to his pledge to say nothing about his associates. So dedicated were the insurgents to their objective that twice after Vesey and three other leaders were arrested, they planned to attack—once early on the morning of July 2, the day Vesey's execution was scheduled, and again at dawn on the 6th. But each time their designs were thwarted by the arrest of a key captain.

Peter Poyas, Ned, Rolla, and Batteau Bennett, Jessy Blackwood, and Denmark Vesey died on the gallows on July 2, 1822. As Charleston prepared to celebrate the Fourth of July, they paid with their lives for aspiring to the unalienable right of liberty. The Charleston *Courier* reported the event in a cold, undescriptive paragraph. Other arrests, trials, and executions followed, including one mass hanging on July 26 in which twenty of the convicted conspirators were suspended from the gallows at the same time in a demonstration for would-be revolutionists.

Mass hangings, however, were not enough to reassure Charleston as to its safety. While the trials were in progress the Governor sent Secretary of War John C. Calhoun a report on the threatened

outbreak and the inadequacy of the city defenses. In response to this appeal, Calhoun, himself a South Carolinian, ordered federal troops transferred from St. Augustine to Charleston. A company of federal soldiers landed at Fort Moultrie on August 15.

When state power in 1822 was felt to be insufficient to keep the Negro in his servile place, there was no soul seraching among South Carolina officials about the constitutional propriety of the intrusion of federal power. State sovereignty was to be invoked some months later, however, when the national government showed signs of not going along fully with new measures that South Carolina took to control the Negro. In South Carolina in the 1820's—as in South Carolina, Arkansas, and elsewhere in the South in the 1950's—the constitutional validity of federal authority, in the view of the ruling group, obviously depended simply on whether it was being interposed on behalf of continued white supremacy or in behalf of minimum rights for Negroes.

Few rights were vouchsafed the accused Vesey conspirators. The acknowledged means used to elicit information from them ranged from solitary confinement to promises of mercy. The prisoners were not allowed to communicate with each other or with true advocates in their behalf. Owners and counsel who saw slaves in their cells or were present at their trials were more interested in protecting their own property rights than in safeguarding the personal rights of the defendants. The public was excluded from the trials and in many instances the accused were not allowed to confront their accusers, for fear that the names of the cooperative witnesses would become generally known and their fellows would wreak vengeance upon them.

During the course of the trials, which lasted through August 3, 131 Negroes were arrested, 35 were hanged, 43 were ordered transported out of the state, and 53 were dismissed. The relatively small number convicted, as contrasted to the number allegedly involved, was no doubt due to the faithfulness of Vesey's band in following the advice of Peter Poyas: "Do not open your lips! Die silent as you shall see me do."[1]

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[1]The two quotations from Peter Poyas are taken from the trial testimony of slaves. Though they are hearsay, they are used in this article because their authenticity seems implicit in everything else reported about Poyas.

Because the leaders kept their own counsel on broad strategy and died silent, their aims beyond the capture of the city were never clearly ascertained. But several witnesses said Vesey intended to seize goods from the stores and money from the banks, commandeer vessels in the harbor and sail away with his followers to Haiti which had agreed to receive and protect them.

Though this stage in the contemplated revolt was never reached, there were repercussions as far away as Haiti and even farther. The Vesey affair strengthened the hand of Southerners in opposing American recognition of the Negro republic in the Caribbean.

On December 21, 1822, the General Assembly of South Carolina, fearful lest other free Negroes infect slaves with ideas of freedom, passed a law aimed at sealing off contagion. Known as the Negro Seamen Act, it required that free Negro employes on any vessel which might come into a South Carolina port be imprisoned until the vessel was ready to depart, that the captain of the vessel pay the expenses of detaining his employes and take them away from the state upon leaving; otherwise they would be deemed "absolute slaves" and sold.

In the course of enforcing this law, South Carolina began jailing British seamen. The British minister in Washington could get no satisfaction by appealing to Secretary of State John Quincy Adams, because South Carolina officials turned a deaf ear to the Secretary's importunities. When the imprisonment of British subjects continued, the British consul at Charleston petitioned the United States court there for relief. Justice William Johnson of the United States Supreme Court, sitting as a circuit judge, held that the South Carolina law violated the paramount and exclusive right of the United States to regulate commerce and the "reciprocal liberty of commerce" stipulated in the Commercial Convention of 1815 with Great Britain. The Negro Seamen Act, declared Judge Johnson, was therefore "unconstitutional and void."

But the judge's words went unheeded. Lawyers for the state had already contended that South Carolina would go to the point of secession rather than back down on her right to enact such a measure. South Carolina continued to enforce the law despite a repeated appeal from John Quincy Adams, now President, and

despite an adverse opinion from Attorney General William Wirt. The Governor urged the preservation of the state's "sovereignty and independence" and declared that "there would be more glory in forming a rampart with our bodies . . . than to be the victims of a successful rebellion." The state senate maintained that the duty of guarding against slave insurrections was "paramount to all laws, all treaties, all constitutions."

Other southern states followed South Carolina in enacting Negro seamen acts, which they proceeded to enforce, much to the continuing discomfiture of Great Britain. The nullifiers of the commercial treaty of 1815 thus downfaced the governments of both the United States and Great Britain, and this without the aid of a Bricker Amendment. In the matter of enforcing the Negro seamen law, South Carolina had led the way in nullifying an act of the federal government through a deliberate policy that preceded by eight years the much-heralded nullification ordinance of 1832 in which that state sought to set aside a federal tariff law. The 1824 episode represented the first clash in a long-range contest between federal and state power which—as South Carolina's current last ditch resistance to the Supreme Court shows—has not yet run its course. Unlike South Carolina's 1832 nullification ordinance and its 1860 secession ordinance, its 1824 stand was not successfully challenged.

As a tried and proved strategy, the treaty nullification was to embolden South Carolina's tariff nullifiers of the next decade. Most of the tariff nullifiers of 1832 had had a hand in suppressing the Vesey revolt and had been alarmed by its threat to their way of life. They had been disillusioned by the federal government's unsympathetic attitude toward their measure to forestall a repetition. Thus the events set in motion by a former slave helped in South Carolina to usher out the era of national good feeling and to initiate state defiance of Washington. Ultimately that defiance, swelled to a tide by many momentous forces, built up into a great Civil War that freed all American slaves.

The goal of full equality under the law for the Negro still lies ahead. Today the campaign to attain it is being waged most effectively in the courtroom by legal strategists like Thurgood Marshall

and before the bar of public opinion by eloquent spokesmen for love and restraint such as the Reverend Martin Luther King. But 1958 is a different age from 1822. And who—in the light of the historical evidence for the span of years from 1822 to 1958—can say that Vesey, the man of action, did not lay a foundation in the long bridge to freedom equally as important as that being laid today by the men of words?

The Death of Saul

By PHILIP LEVINE

"Is Saul also among the prophets?" I SAMUEL 10

The sleeping armies of the living God
Embraced the King who could not wake or sleep.
Their faith in him who had no will to faith
Or faith but theirs was more than he coud bear.
Hearing their leader scream, they roused, unarmed,
Unsure of what they heard—the needs of terror
Calling through sleep—nor did they understand
When, later, beside a stream, they strapped on armour,
Blessed and buckled halters, received their vows,
The soldier's vows which they would not fulfill
Until they clasped the final lack of peace.

All roads led upward to the mountain top
Where he would flush the partridge of the hills,
David the stave with which God whipped his fury:
A fury that was love, a love of self.
He thought he saw him riding next to him,
Turned on his mount, thrilling the wayward flanks
That stretched below. This time he could not speak,
And when they leaned to touch he saw his son.
Not for the loss of David did he weep,
But for the knowledge gained: the fear of death
Was but a shadow of the power of love,
Though death had fixed those eyes which turned toward his.

Beyond the olive line, on sun-bleached rocks,
The Philistines were closing ranks to charge.
Violent, Godless, their prayer for strength at arms
Descended like the driving words of God
On those below, aching for certitude.
The archers done, the first waves met and broke;
The flanks closed in and locked; both forces joined,
Their differences obscured in smoke and dust.
Habit or need? His dead and dying troops
Would never know what drove King Saul to kneel,
A penitent upon those burning slopes,
Finding, too late, in every Godless act
And every act of will the will of God.

And Jonathan was dead; the hope of Saul
A trophy wrapped in scarlet, lovingly;
His brothers slain, their armour-bearers fled
And crouched and wept by Saul, who knew too well
The messages they lacked the strength to give.
A King of God in death, he persevered;
Pride against pride deployed until it failed.
His wounded ceased their cries. He was alone.
The sword by which he lived was all he had,
And so he turned to it, knowing the act
Would end his name and heritage forever;
Knowing the way, far from his living love,
Far from the shepherd boy conceived in grace,
And further still from Him he could not name.

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A Roll of Coarse White Cloth

By C. S. YOUNG

■ It was almost five o'clock, and Harry Wilson was getting the last of his laundry together to take out to the fence to give to the Korean woman who was doing his washing. He put the two bars of soap on top of the clothes inside the bag. Then he leaned back against the side of the tent and looked at the row of canned C-Rations that he had stacked in the little box over the head of his cot. He took two cans of beef and a can of powdered coffee and he put them in the bag with the clothes. Then he tied the draw strings together and he threw the bag on the cot.

The short Korean fall had started, and the winds that blew down the valleys between the hills that surrounded the American air base brought with them a heavy chill in the late afternoon. Harry Wilson pulled the knitted sweater on over his fatigues before he left the tent. He walked out to the headquarters tent to check the bulletin board for the flight schedule from Japan. Kelly Peterson had gone on leave, and he was due back with the cloth that Harry had asked him to get.

The sun had started to drop behind the bare brown hills, and Harry walked slowly back to the tent. A flight of four jets passed low over the field and banked sharply to start their letdown. Harry noticed that the gun ports in the noses of the airplanes were black from firing. He watched them as they settled onto the runway, one behind the other. Then he went into the tent and took the laundry bag from his cot. He left by the other door and walked out to the fence where the woman was waiting.

He did not see her at first among the group of Korean women

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who waited for the men to bring out their laundry. Then the woman saw him standing at the fence, and she waved to him. She was sitting with one of the older ones who was looking at the baby that the younger woman carried. She got up and walked to the fence, holding the baby cradled in both arms with her hands pushed into the heavy folds of her sleeves. Harry smiled at her as she bowed to him, slightly lowering her head and dropping her eyes.

She wore a white quilted blouse and a long black full skirt that was cinched tightly under her small breasts. The black shiny hair was smoothed back over her head, and it covered her ears and was fastened at the back of her neck, making her look very young. The baby was covered except for his nose and eyes, and Harry could see the fine black hair that was starting to grow down over his forehead.

"He's growing fast," he said.

The woman smiled at him, and she looked down at the sleeping baby.

"Yes," she said. "He is getting big, and heavy to carry." Her voice was small, and she spoke English in a clear soft accent.

The baby stirred inside the blanket, and they both watched him. He opened his mouth and his tongue slipped between his lips. Then he closed his mouth and he was asleep again.

Harry Wilson remembered the first time he had seen the baby. The woman had come to the fence for the laundry and she was carrying him. She held him gently pressed to her, high up against her breast. She did not look like the mother, and Harry had not noticed any signs of pregnancy in the weeks before. The full skirt that she always wore hung loosely, away from her body and to her ankles.

The baby was three days old when Harry first saw him. The woman did not look any different than she had the previous week.

She told him about her husband that day. They had been married for almost six months when the husband went with the army to fight the communists near Chunchon.

"Have you heard from your husband yet?" Harry asked.

The woman glanced up at him through the fence, and then she looked down at the baby again.

"No," she said, quietly. "It has been more than five months." She said it as if she were talking to herself.

"Has anyone come back yet who was with him?" he asked. "Haven't you heard anything?"

"The men from this village were sent to Seoul," the woman said. "My husband went with the ROK army to Chunchon. They know nothing of him here."

Harry looked down the fence and he watched the men shoving the bags of laundry through to the women. He wondered how many of them had husbands. He looked again at the woman who held the baby. He tried to imagine what her husband looked like. He must be young, he thought.

"Do you need anything?" he asked.

The woman looked up at him, and she did not answer. She had not understood what he said.

"Do you have enough to eat?"

He felt foolish after he said it. He had embarrassed the woman.

"I put some food in the bag," he said. "I will bring some more."

The woman smiled at him, showing the smooth even teeth. She looked up to smile, then she quickly looked at the ground again. Harry remembered that he had forgotten to put the toothpaste in the bag.

He had started by bringing her toothpaste. The first time he had brought his laundry to the fence, and she had taken it, he noticed her good teeth. He had talked to her for only a little while, and he had not realized how young she was. When he brought her the first tube of toothpaste and the brush, she would not take them. She looked at him through the fence, and she was angry. He thought that she would not take his laundry, and he talked to her and he made her understand that she did not have to do anything for the toothpaste. It was all right when he explained it to her. He showed her how to use the brush, and she laughed at him when he tried to show her without putting the brush in his mouth.

Then he began to bring her the canned food. It embarrassed her when he handed it through the fence so he started putting it in the bag with the laundry.

"It will be getting cold soon," he said. "Do you have a warm place?"

"We have a good place," she said. "When there is a fire it is warm inside."

"The cloth from Japan will come tonight," he said. The woman smiled again, happily. "I will bring it to you tomorrow."

She bowed to him with her head to one side, and she held the baby close against her. She had fine strong teeth, and they had become very white since she had been using the toothpaste.

"Will you show me your house?" Harry asked.

The woman turned and she pointed to one of the little houses which was made of mud and sticks and paper, and which had a flat roof of mud that was baked hard by the sun. The little houses were built around the edges of the rice-paddies where the women gathered during the day to wash the clothes.

"You see?" she said. "With white over the door."

"Yes," he nodded. "I see. I will come in the morning."

"Yes," she said, quietly.

Harry picked up the laundry bag and handed it through the fence to the woman. He set it on the ground beside her.

"I put some more soap in the bag," he said.

"You give me too much soap," the woman said, sternly. "I have soap from the last time."

"This is for you," he said. "You can sell it if you don't need it."

The woman looked down at the bag. It was a small bundle.

"I will use it for your clothes," she said softly.

It was beginning to get dark, and Harry saw that all of the other women had left the fence, and were walking in a file carrying the laundry bags along the dikes through the rice-paddies to their houses.

"I will have to go back now," the woman said.

"Yes."

Harry stood at the fence, and he looked at the small woman holding the baby. The woman would not look at him for very long.

"Goodbye," he said.

"Goodbye."

The woman bowed again as Harry moved away from the fence. He stopped and bowed to her. Then she shifted the baby on her arm, and she picked up the bag and started toward her house. Harry turned and walked between the row of tents, and

when he got to the back door of his tent it was dark. Someone was playing a guitar next door, and Harry stopped to listen.

"There once was a man from Nantucket . . ."

Other voices joined in on the rest and Harry couldn't make out the words. He opened the door and went into the tent. Kelly Peterson was sitting on his cot beside the pot-bellied stove. He had filled one of the ammunition cans with water from the large tub, and it was starting to boil. He was spooning the powdered coffee into his canteen cup.

"How goes it, old Harry?" he asked.

"Pretty good. How's the trip?" Harry reached up and took his cup off the nail on the wall. Kelly put two spoons of coffee in it.

"Not bad, not bad," he said, as he poured the boiling water from the corner of the can. He stirred the coffee and then added an inch of Canadian Club from the bottle on the floor to each of the cups.

"You have good weather?" Harry asked.

"It rained for eight days straight," Kelly said, smiling. "Bad weather, bad whisky, and bad women," he laughed. "It couldn't have been better."

"You bring the cloth back with you?" Harry asked.

Kelly reached in the duffle bag that was on the end of the cot. He pulled out the roll of coarse white cloth and handed it to Harry.

"How's your *mama-san*?" he asked, serious now.

"She's all right," Harry said. "The baby is growing good."

"What about the husband?"

"She still hasn't heard anything from him."

They sipped at the hot drink. Kelly unlaced his boots and took them off, and dropped them one at a time heavily on the floor. He leaned back against the wall.

"It's going to be pretty hard for her if she doesn't hear from him before winter," he said. "She can't make a living washing clothes if the rice-paddies are frozen."

"I know."

"There's not much else she can do around a place like this."

"There must be something she can do."

"There is," Kelly said, slowly. "And she won't have much choice after it gets cold."

"I'll be damned if I'll let her start that."

"You don't have much to say about it do you? She's a married woman, Harry."

"She wouldn't do it."

"She has to do something," he said. "She's got a baby, and the baby has to eat even if she doesn't."

"She's not going to do that."

Kelly took a long drink from the cup. He set it on the table and lit a cigarette. Then he reached for the bottle on the floor and he added another inch of whisky to each of the cups. He put the bottle on the table.

"You keep that one," he said. "I've got a whole case that I brought back."

Harry lay down on the cot and balanced the cup on his chest. Kelly stirred his drink and sipped it from the spoon. He was watching Harry Wilson lying on the other cot.

"You still think she's playing it straight with you?"

"I'm sure of it," Harry said.

It was quiet in the tent and they could hear the guitar from next door. A large crowd had gathered and they were singing together.

"There once was a man from Algiers . . ."

The next morning Harry Wilson left the base and went out into the little village. He turned down the narrow road that led out by the houses where the women lived. The small children sat at the edge of the muddy road, and they watched him as he passed. He carried the roll of cloth under his arm, and the tube of toothpaste was in his shirt pocket. The carbine which was slung over his shoulder bounced against his leg.

The woman was sitting on a large flat rock near the door of her house when Harry saw her. Her head was bent low over the baby which was lying across her knees, and Harry stopped at the corner of the house and watched her as she stroked the baby's face lightly with the tips of her fingers. She was singing softly and her head moved slowly with the music.

Then Harry moved and the woman looked up quickly, and when she saw him she smiled.

"How are *you*?" she said, accenting the last word. She lowered her head slightly.

"Good morning," he said. "I've brought the cloth."

He held out the roll of cloth to show her. He unrolled it a little and he held it down to her. She looked at him for a moment, and then she put her hand on it.

"Yes," she said, smiling.

"Is it the kind you wanted? It is the only kind I knew of to tell my friend to get."

"Yes. It will make warm clothes for winter."

The woman got up, holding the baby, and they went into the house. It was dark inside after the morning sun. The only light came through the open door and a small hole that was dug out under one wall, which was the pit for the fire. The dirt floor was covered with reed matting, and there was a sliding wooden door which led into a smaller room.

Harry smelled the coffee as soon as he came through the door. The woman put the baby down on the small pallet which was spread near one wall. Then she walked quickly across the room to the fire and she took the small pot off the two iron rods that were braced over the flames. She poured the boiling coffee into two tiny cups with no handles which were on the square short-legged table in the middle of the room. She put the pot back on the rods away from the fire, and she turned and looked at Harry who was still standing just inside the door.

"Please," she said, pointing to a place beside the table. She waited until he sat down, crossing his legs in front of him, then she knelt at the other side of the table with her feet under her. She sat with her hands folded in her lap until he tasted the coffee. Then she raised the cup to her lips, and she took a small sip, holding the cup lightly in both hands.

"I can only stay for a little while," Harry said.

The woman didn't speak, and she hadn't looked at him since they sat down at the table. She kept her eyes on the cup that she held in front of her.

When they finished the coffee, Harry got up from the table and moved restlessly around the room. He stopped beside the pallet on the floor. He stood and looked down at the baby, and then he

leaned over and put his finger inside the tiny fist. The baby was lying on his back and his eyes were open. He lay quietly on the blanket and watched the man who was leaning over him.

"He doesn't cry much does he?" Harry said to the woman who was standing behind him. "I've never seen him cry."

"Sometimes at night he cries," the woman said. "He is not so good all the time."

Harry straightened and he looked around the bare room. The roll of cloth was lying on the floor beside the table where he had put it. It looked like fine linen lying on the heavy rough matting. He wanted to say something to the woman, and he stood uncomfortably with his hands stuffed down in his pockets. It was quiet in the room.

Harry picked up the carbine that he had left inside the door and he slipped his arm through the sling. The woman stood with her arms folded, watching him.

"I will come to the fence in five days," he said. He held up his hand with the fingers spread. "Five days."

"Yes," the woman said. "I will look for you."

He was already back at the base when he remembered that the tube of toothpaste was still in his shirt pocket.

Late in the afternoon on the fifth day, Harry Wilson tied up the bundle of laundry and he hurried out to the fence. He did not see the woman, and he walked up and down along the fence. Then he sat down to wait.

When most of the other women had left for their houses, she still had not come. The sun was almost down, and it had begun to grow dark in the shadow of the hill. Harry stood up and looked through the wire toward the woman's house. He could see that the door was closed. Then he saw the old woman who had stopped near him on the other side of the fence.

"She will not come today," said the old woman. Then she walked slowly away, leaning heavily on a knobbed cane.

"Wait," Harry called. "What is the trouble, old woman? Is everything all right?"

The old woman stopped and she looked back at him.

"Her husband is dead," she said flatly. "A soldier came to see

her two days ago. You will have to give her some time. She cannot do your laundry today."

The man stood at the fence and watched the old woman walk across the dikes in the rice-paddies. She looked very tired, and she stopped every few feet to put her bundles down. She rested by leaning on the stick that she used for walking.

When Harry got back to the tent, no one was there. He sat on the cot and listened to the snapping of the pot-bellied stove as it grew hotter. The red shone shough the black of the metal, and he watched as it changed to orange. It would be almost white when it was turned all the way up in the middle of the winter.

It had begun to grow dark when he left the tent, with the carbine slung over his shoulder. He walked in long deliberate strides between the tents and onto the little road that led through the main gate and out into the village. The smell of boiling fish hung in the damp air, and the women were outside the houses, building up the fires for the night through the ground holes in the walls. Harry could feel the stiffening of the mud under his boots as he walked along the road through the village.

He stopped for a moment and stood in front of the closed door of the woman's house. The other houses along the row were still open, and at one a woman straightened up from her fire and looked at him. Then he opened the door and stepped inside. There was a candle burning in the center of the small table, and the woman was kneeling on the floor. She held the baby in her arms, and they were both very still. Harry closed the door and put the gun in the corner against the wall. The woman had not looked at him. The baby was almost asleep, and his chin had started to sink down on his neck.

Harry took some of the wood from the box and he put it down in the fire pit over the hot ashes of the fire. He got down on his knees and blew easily on the ashes until the wood caught. Then he put the little pot with the coffee over the flames.

They had not spoken when they finished the coffee. The woman got up and she carried the baby to the pallet on the other side of the room. He had fallen asleep while they drank the coffee.

It was quiet, and Harry sat at the table and watched the woman who was standing with her back to him. Then he got up and put

more wood on the fire, and he walked across the room and stood beside the woman. He looked at her, and he saw that the tenseness had left her face. They stood beside the pallet and looked down at the baby. The fire made shadows that danced in the little room. Their arms were touching lightly, and the man put his arm around the woman, his hand resting easily on her shoulder. The woman relaxed against him, and they stood watching the baby sleep.

The woman reached down and pulled the blanket up close under the baby's chin. She walked slowly to the fire, and she held her hands out over it.

"You go to bed now," she said, softly. Her back was to the man and she did not turn around.

Harry Wilson walked quietly across the matted floor, and he stooped and went through the door to the other room. He slid the wooden door closed and he stretched out on the bed on the floor. He could hear the wind coming up outside, and he pulled the heavy quilted blanket over him. He lay in the bed and listened to the sounds outside the little house.

When

By PAUL SANZENBACH

Never is a hell of a word,
And sorry is always too late:
The time to be is before yesterday,
Which is everybody's coffin;
While tomorrow is the file with the stuck drawer—
Today is my hands in my pockets.

PAUL SANZENBACH teaches English, lives in Espanola, New Mexico, and he thinks this is his first published poem although he once was a winner in a poetry contest.

Doting Parent

By CELESTE TURNER WRIGHT

She feels the city as a giant yolk,
Wherein a single embryo, his life,
Eagerly fibers the accustomed streets,
Its throbbing all concentered in his home.

Salutation to the Body

By CELESTE TURNER WRIGHT

Comrade, I well recall our rendezvous,
The pullman shelf you've been monopolizing;
That sheeted form reflected there is you
In expectation of a joyful rising.

Lolloping like a vixen to her earth,
Sometimes I make for shelter in a panic,
Delighted to reclaim you in a berth
Transcontinental, interoceanic.

Or sprawling on the unfamiliar cot
Of some vacation hostel in the city,
Up from amnesia comes Forgetmenot,
Triumphant as Snow White, though scarce as pretty.

Open those eyes! Assure me it's not true
That someday your unrumpled counterpane,
Blanched as a fatal final billetdoux,
Will tell me I must never come again.

CELESTE WRIGHT is a professor of English at the Davis campus, University of California. Although her specialty is Elizabethan Literature, she has published essays on Katherine Mansfield as well as poetry.

Cozzens Without Sex; Steinbeck Without Sin

By FRANK G. LEONARD

> I was requested by a lady to escort her to a seminary for young ladies, and on being ushered into the reception-room, conceive my astonishment at beholding a square piano-forte with four *limbs*. However, that the ladies who visited their daughters might feel in its full force the extreme delicacy of the mistress of the establishment, and her care to preserve in their utmost purity the ideas of the young ladies under her charge, she had dressed these four limbs in modest little trousers, with frills at the bottom of them!—Captain Frederick Marryat, *A Diary in America*, 1839.

■ Four times a year, the *Reader's Digest* Book Club produces a volume containing, in "condensed" form, four or five novels or nonfiction works; four times a year this book club puts these four or five "condensed" works in the category of all-time best sellers by sending them to its almost two and one-half million members. In 1955, only 32 works in the country's history for which accurate records are available—excluding books on baby care, Bibles, and cook books—had had a circulation of two and one-half million or more, either in hard or soft cover or through regular book club distribution. In the cultural life of America, then, this book club is of some significance. It might reasonably be argued that in terms of readership these books have more significance in their "condensed" form than in their regular editions. For the period for which I have figures, only two works—Herman Wouk's *The Caine*

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Mutiny and Morton Thompson's *Not as a Stranger*—equalled in their regular sales (hard cover and paperback) the circulation achieved in their *Digest* form. None of the others even came close.

In other terms, too, these "condensed" works are of considerable significance. Authors and publishers frequently receive more money from the *Digest* Book Club rights than they do from regular sales. For example, the regular edition sale of John Hersey's *A Single Pebble*—50,000 copies—earned for its author something less than $25,000; his share from *Digest* Book Club rights was more than $40,000.

Just what, then, is the nature of this new and flourishing species of literature? First, what does "condensed" mean? More, it would seem, than what we usually think of as abridgement. "Condensation" includes passages written by *Digest* editors themselves, summarizing in their own fashion portions of the original work; it includes changes made in the original wording—both the substitution of euphemism and alterations, evidently thought of as improvements, in the original author's choice or arrangement of words; it includes careful deletion of certain words and ideas and certain kinds of scenes and statements (though not all the books chosen for condensation contain such forbidden words, ideas, scenes, and statements and not all, therefore, are subject to such deletion); it can include serious alterations in the original author's intention and meaning.

A. J. Cronin is quoted on the dust jacket of the Winter, 1954 *Digest* Book Club volume to the effect that his novels are improved by the *Digest* editors, that "waste tissue" is cut out and that, in general, the works are made "more incisive and readable." Mr. Cronin's novels may be improved by what is done to them in Pleasantville. Unfortunately, this is not the case with all the authors used by the book club. In two important novels I have examined—James Gould Cozzens' *By Love Possessed* and John Steinbeck's *East of Eden*—the most important net result of condensation was the disparity produced between the picture of life presented in the original and the picture of life which emerged from the books in condensed form—life in *Reader's Digest* Land.

These changes made by the *Digest* editors can best be understood when viewed as a manifestation of mass culture; the peculiari-

ties of *Digest* condensations may also throw some light upon the larger area of which they are a part. Why are these books condensed? Just what is the nature of the demand which the *Digest* has undertaken to supply—and, no doubt, to stimulate also, in the process? The *Digest*'s answer is that this book club meets the needs of busy people, people who don't have time to do all the reading they would like to do. The paradox, once called to mind, is evident; as David Riesman says, "leisure is or can become a problem for the vast majority." Letters from *Digest* Club members (reprinted in advertising and on dust jackets) confirm the idea that a saving in time is not always uppermost in their minds. One member writes, for example, "I try to read each quarterly volume slowly . . . so that it will last until the next issue arrives." Another says, "I have one fault to find with your books—they don't come often enough. . . . Have re-read nearly all the books by this time." In other words, these members like condensed books better than other kinds—so much so that, in some cases, they resort to re-reading the old volumes rather than trying some uncondensed work they have not read.

There is, I think, another explanation more plausible than that of time saving. These *Digest* books came into existence at a time (1950) when reading had started to decline—partly as a result, no doubt, of the competition with easier, less demanding media of communication and entertainment. They have deliberately been made not only shorter, but also, when necessary, easier to read and understand than their original versions. They have also been made, when necessary, less controversial and possibly less threatening, in their contents, to the equanimity of timid readers.

Here are three examples—characteristic of many—of the way in which the *Digest* edition of *By Love Possessed* was made easier to read. Not only was a table of characters provided by the editors at the beginning telling the readers who was who and who was related to whom, but at any point in the book where reference to a character might confuse someone who had not troubled to look at the table, insertions were made. Cozzens wrote this: "Hope, to whom she sent the dearest love, lay some seven years now in her grave." This becomes, in the prose of some explicit editor:

> Hope, to whom Arthur's mother sent her dearest love, was Noah Tuttle's daughter and Arthur's first wife; she lay some seven years now in her grave.

(The substitution of "*her* dearest love" for "*the* dearest love" is one of the many little editorial "corrections" of Mr. Cozzens' writing made throughout the book.)

Another trick these people have is that of adding transition sentences of their own between sections.

> Stopping to speak to Judge Lowe when court adjourned, Arthur had then proceeded to the Christ Church parish house.

This, again, is the prose of the editor; he evidently did not give his book club members credit for being able, finding Arthur Winner at Christ Church parish house, to deduce that he had indeed proceeded there since the end of the immediately preceding section. (Nothing had been omitted here by *Digest* editors that might conceivably have called for such a transitional sentence.)

In this book about lawyers, some legal terms are necessarily present. At one point, the main character, in explaining why he must act in a certain way, says to his mother, "The trustee's duty is to preserve and protect the corpus of the trust." Fearing that his readers would not understand the term "corpus," the *Digest* editor appends this phrase: "—that is, the principal." This clarification is made a second time, still less appropriately, in a conversation between two lawyers who would, presumably, have no need to explain such things to each other.

As I have implied, these are not the only kinds of changes and simplifications. What of the changes in the depiction of life and in characterization? In short, what is the nature of life itself in *Reader's Digest* Land? Let us look at *By Love Possessed* again. In a somewhat irritable review of "The Critics and Cozzens" in the *New Republic*, Sarel Eimerl listed the characters in *By Love Possessed* who made the book, he thought, more "real" than life itself—in fact, entirely too "real" in his estimation.

> They include two nymphomaniacs; a sadist who forces his wife to watch him having intercourse with other women and then return the compliment with two men brought home for her from a nearby bar; a hero who cuckolds his best friend (a paralytic) even though he finds the best

> friend's wife unattractive; a teenager indicted for rape; a girl whose life is dominated by fear and hatred of sex, who finally kills herself; a drunken doctor; two deaths by drowning; an embezzler; and a bitch (dog) in heat.

Let us see how these characters (made to seem, in some cases, more unsavory than they actually are by Eimerl's description) survive in the *Digest* version. The two "nymphomaniacs" are gone—that is, the characteristics which cause Eimerl to use that term are deleted. One becomes simply an unfaithful and eccentric wife and the other (as *Digest* idiom might have it) a "bad" girl. This de-emphasis of certain characteristics of Cozzens' characters is done subtly but thoroughly—in a dozen different ways. The easiest, of course, is simply to leave out passages and sections on the grounds, presumably, of necessary abridgement. Another way is to cut down on the vividness of picturization. Following are two versions of a description of the "unfaithful wife," Marjorie Penrose:

> She was wearing a red pullover sweater, very tight, with nothing on under it; and a pair of quite dirty white linen slacks with, all too evidently, nothing on under them; and no shoes. [Cozzens]

> She was wearing a red pullover sweater, very tight; and a pair of quite dirty white linen slacks; and no shoes. [*Digest*]

In other words, in *Reader's Digest* Land, people wear underwear.

But to go on with Eimerl's list: the sadist (who was, in the original, every bit as unsavory as Eimerl makes him sound) is only mentioned in passing as a husband who once tried to poison his wife. The teenager is no longer indicted for "rape"; though the charge of rape plays a central part in the plot, the word is nowhere used in the condensed version. Instead, the boy is accused of having "had relations with her forcibly and against her will." The girl whose life is dominated by fear and hatred of sex finds surcease from this anguish in *Digest* Land; there she is simply hyper-conscientious and over-worried. The drunken doctor, Reggie Shaw, one of the finest characterizations in Cozzens' book—whose drunkenness is part of his general and tragic disintegration—is no longer even drunken; he is one of those humorously eccentric characters that *Digest* readers seem to love so well. Bitch dogs in heat do not exist in *Digest* Land. And finally, a character who, Cozzens takes great pains to point out, is *not* a homosexual—though

he has been so accused and is still suspected by some people—is also entirely removed. The characters who remain are somehow more average, less unique as human beings. One example is characteristic; it is written about the main character's father:

> He could bowl (sometimes) a three hundred game; . . . [Cozzens]
>
> He could bowl a two hundred game; . . . [*Digest*]

The language of characters in *Digest* Land reflects the fact that they are "nicer" people than those who appear in Cozzens' *By Love Possessed*. A district attorney who relies on the Hungarian section of his district to keep him in office does not refer to his supporters as "those Hunkies," but uses the more sedate "those Mechanicsville people."

Digest characters are more delicate, also. A lawyer, trying to get all the facts relating to the allegation of rape, asks the accused boy not whether he suggested "sexual intercourse to Miss Moore last night," but whether he suggested "that Miss Moore go in the house with you last night." "Going in the house with" was one euphemism H. L. Mencken had not heard of when he compiled his list of idiocies for *The American Language*. Others found in that interesting work are, however, revived by the *Digest* editors.

The word *certain* was evidently an old favorite among those prone to euphemism. Such terms as "a certain illness" (for syphilis), "a certain result" (for abortion) and "women of a certain class" (for prostitutes) were common in England in less enlightened times. The weasel-like qualities of the word are revived by *Digest* editors for their reworking of John Steinbeck's *East of Eden*. Adam, in that book, remembers, not "the girls upstairs in the tavern and Charles' periodic visits," but rather, "certain things about Charles."

One of the central characters in Steinbeck's novel is what he refers to as a "whore." The word never appears in the *Digest* version. Such euphemisms (once thought to be outmoded in intelligent circles) as "an evil woman" are substituted. One final example of *Digest* idiom may be of interest. In Steinbeck's version, one of his characters, a teenage boy, makes the terrible confession to his sweetheart that "Our mother was a whore." In *Digest* Land this thought is rendered in the following fashion: "You may have heard

some terrible things about our mother. They were true." This is, perhaps, an unusually long circumlocution for editors allegedly working in the interests of brevity.

But what else happens to *East of Eden*? Steinbeck's book is evidently an attempt to write something significant about good and evil. Yet the most evil characteristics of his carefully drawn symbol of human evil—the "evil woman" I have mentioned—are deleted. She runs a house of prostitution which caters, in Steinbeck's story, to the perverted and masochistic tastes of social pillars in the Salinas Valley: a professor at Berkeley, a state senator, and a minister, among others. Specifically who these people are is not mentioned in the *Digest* version—they are referred to instead as "some of the most important people around here"; and the perverse nature of the services performed for them is nowhere to be found in *Digest* Land. And the fact that, back in Boston, whoremaster Edwards ("a certain Mr. Edwards" in *Digest* idiom) has a "respectable" wife and sends his sons to Groton is not allowed to appear in the Pleasantville version.

Probably few of the books used by the *Digest* Book Club are subject to the same kind of treatment given *By Love Possessed* and *East of Eden*. My concern, however, is for what happens when a work of a controversial and disturbing nature is used—a work that could, conceivably, broaden the perceptions of readers, put them more fully in touch with the facts of their existence and thereby put them more fully in touch with themselves. In this respect, even the substitution of euphemism is not a harmless and rather trivial thing. As I tried to convey in the quotation from Captain Marryat at the beginning of this piece, the motivation underlying the use of euphemism seems to be the desire to cover something up, to call it by a different name and thus hide its real significance and meaning—perhaps even its existence.

In *East of Eden* Steinbeck writes,

> Cathy learned when she was very young that sexuality with all its attendant yearnings and pains, jealousies and taboos, is the most disturbing impulse humans have. And in that day it was even more disturbing than it is now, because the subject was unmentionable and unmentioned.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The parents, denying it in themselves, were horrified to find it in their children.

This passage, along with most of Steinbeck's references to sex, was removed by *Digest* editors, thus, in effect, giving the lie to his implication that sex is no longer unmentionable and unmentioned—at least in some quarters. One source of this resistance to free discussion may have been pointed out by W. Lloyd Warner in his discussion (in *American Life*) of the women who listen to soap opera. Warner claims that these women are characterized by fear of their own sexual natures, self-distrust, fear of full and deep self-expression of any kind. The exclusion from *Digest* condensed books of any potentially disturbing ideas about sex may be a manifestation of this same characteristic; the majority of *Digest* Book Club members are women.[1]

Still, there is, of course, a great deal of truth to what Steinbeck says; and advances in the free discussion of sex do seem to have real accomplishments to their credit. Alfred Kinsey goes so far as to attribute the increasing sexual satisfaction achieved by American women in part to "the franker attitudes and freer discussion of sex which we have had in the United States during the past twenty years. . . ." It is paradoxical, then, that the tensions and fears which have been somewhat alleviated by this freer discussion of sex, may be the very factors which tend to prohibit such discussion.

Another advantage of free discussion relates to what were once called "certain diseases." Mencken, in *The American Language*, discusses the battle to bring the words "syphilis" and "gonorrhea" into acceptable usage in print; the organized attempt to eliminate these diseases in America had to be preceded by such a battle. (Curiously enough, the *Reader's Digest* magazine was the first of the mass circulation periodicals to use the word "syphilis" in its pages—in 1937; "gonorrhea" is, evidently, an inherently more distasteful word—its acceptance took somewhat longer.)

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[1]There may appear to be a contradiction between the banning of sex from the *Digest* books and the increase in so-called sex content in today's popular writers such as Mickey Spillane, who reach a comparably large audience. The explanation may be that the sex content of such works as Spillane's is of an unreal nature, in no way comparable to the experiences of readers in their own lives; Spillane seeks to challenge no commonly held ideas, to discuss no real human problems, and is therefore free to write on the subject more or less as he pleases.

By retouching pictures of life as it is, by deleting unsavory views of American society as well as potentially disturbing ideas about sex, by showing only a best of all possible worlds, such literature may tend to pacify desires and impulses for social amelioration, wherever such desires and impulses may chance to exist.

These *Reader's Digest* condensations may be of interest in one more respect—as a glimpse into the future. Certain economic pressures are altering the publishing business. Publishing costs have been rising; between 1942 and 1947, for example, the price of linotype composition has increased 77 per cent and the cost of book paper 45 per cent. But with the decline in reading and the competition from other communication and entertainment media (and in spite of the fact that the real income of Americans has risen faster than the price of books), publishers have not been able to raise their prices enough to meet these rising costs. The break-even point for a publisher on a newly published hard-cover book used to be 2,500 to 4,000 copies. Now it is estimated at 10,000 copies. For a paper-back publisher the break-even point is probably in the neighborhood of 150,000 copies. This means that a publisher, simply to break even, must appeal to a wider audience and must aim his books at a lower common denominator in order to reach that audience. For, as Paul Simmel has written, the point "on which a great number of individuals meet" must lie "very close to the level of the lowest among them, since the most elevated can descend but not every lowest can come up."

The idea that books, in competition with other media, in trying for larger and larger audiences, may decline steadily in quality, and that first rate work may increasingly be barred from publication, is not a new one. Several writers have pointed to the possibility of a cultural Gresham's Law under which bad literature drives out the good. Frank Luther Mott has written that such a thing must never happen. Publisher Harold Guinzburg says it could happen. Novelist James Farrell and publisher Alfred A. Knopf say it is happening. Alan Dutscher says it has happened—it is, he says, a "generally acknowledged fact that . . . it has become virtually impossible to publish a quality trade book." And finally, publisher Curtis G. Benjamin claims it hasn't happened, isn't happening, and won't happen.

> Indeed, I doubt that there ever has been another period or place in history where the creative artist, good or bad, has had so little difficulty in obtaining a fair reading, showing, or hearing of his work.

Whatever the case may be in this regard, I suggest that the disparity between originals and condensed versions shows what differences there would be between the best current literature as we now know it and the bastardized products for mass distribution and mass appeal toward which we either are or are not moving. For most, if not all, of the characteristics of these condensed books are simply a result of attempting to reach a wider and wider audience by appealing to a lower and lower common denominator. One can give thanks, at present, that not only condensed works, but also originals are available—for those who may still be interested. But in their significance in our culture, the *Digest* editions already have greater importance, in many respects, than these originals.

Thirty-four Pennies

By ARTHUR CARSON

If the sun is a golden clock in a dark room
or a bright thing on the beach
then what time does is a good thing
and we shall wake one morning in yellow air
and laugh at what life was.
Love is not a mistake; the rest was:
Thirty-four pennies on the ground,
no one to pick them up. The moon
blazing; we, wrinkled like my boots
and naked as air. We shall rise up
like a gentle flame.

ARTHUR CARSON, a young American who makes his home in Mexico, has had poetry in *Accent*, *Poetry*, and *Perspective*. Another poem of his appears on page 226.

The Dilemma of American Art

By ALFRED WERNER

■ In 1820, the English writer, Sydney Smith, challengingly asked: "In the four quarters of the globe, who . . . looks at an American picture or statue?"

A hundred years later, the answer still would have been the same: "No one!"

My native city of Vienna during the 'twenties and 'thirties knew, largely through translations, American literature from Cooper to Hemingway. A culturally less ambitious America was known through the movies, featuring fun-makers like Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd or—the best of all comedians—Charlie Chaplin, or actresses like Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge. Now and then a popular play (such as *Abie's Irish Rose*) would be adapted to the German stage. But I do not recall having seen a play by O'Neill before coming to America in 1940.

Significantly, the three-volume *Geschichte der Malerei*, a standard work by Richard Muther, in its last and final edition of 1922, devotes only six pages to American artists, and of this space all but the very last paragraph is devoted to the expatriate Whistler. Eight Whistlers and six Sargents are reproduced, but the only other American considered worth a picture is William Chase (represented with a portrait of a lady in a white shawl). George Innes and Childe Hassam are mentioned, but not Homer, Ryder, or Eakins. By 1922 Prendergast was sixty-three, Marin fifty-two, Henri fifty-seven, Sloan fifty-one, and they had all given their most significant work by that time, yet they are not mentioned by

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Muther, and they are likewise omitted by the historians Max Osborn (1924) and Richard Hamann (1932). Feininger is mentioned everywhere, but he was considered a German, having left his native America as a young man.

When I came to America, the beautiful streamlined building in which the Museum of Modern Art is housed, was only a few months old. Love for the fine arts was far less widespread than it is today, nearly two decades later. Some of the more important works on American art had yet to be published, among them Born's volumes on native still-life and landscape painting, Baur's *Revolution and Tradition in Modern American Art*, and Larkin's *Art and Life in America*. Owing to war conditions, very little American art was shipped to Europe and Asia prior to 1946, nor was there any opportunity for artists to travel, except as soldiers and sailors.

Art, I conceded, did not play a great role in the United States during the 19th century; still, there were some good artists among the Hudson school landscapists, and America had the realist Eakins and the mystic Ryder. The powerful Academy was dead set against all new trends, including impressionism, and those young men who, shortly after 1900, dared to rebel against the smooth and slick tradition of the accepted official art had a tough time trying to convince their neighbors that they were not mere sensation-mongers or lunatics. There were such intrepid fighters and non-conformists as the painter and teacher Robert Henri, the photographer and dealer Alfred Stieglitz, and the collectors Gertrude and Leo Stein, all of them no longer among the living, who made the best use of the knowledge acquired in Paris by emphasizing art that was original, imaginative, and expressive. (Happily, some of the dramatis personae are still with us, such as the fearless critics, Walter Pach and Henry McBride, the photographer Edward Steichen, and the artists Abraham Walkowitz and Max Weber, all of them close to, or over, eighty.)

One New York critic contemptuously termed the works of Matisse "memoranda of the gutter and the brothel." Another fought vigorously against the "wrong-headed nonsense" unveiled at the Armory Show, that gigantic first attempt to acquaint the America of Teddy Roosevelt's era with the non-naturalistic, anti-academic art of European masters and their American pupils. Still the march

of modern art could be delayed but not halted. After the first World War, museums of modern art sprang up in New York, Boston, San Francisco, and even in smaller cities. Rich men started to buy contemporary Americans rather than second-rate Renaissance or baroque masters. During the depression, hundreds of able painters and sculptors were literally saved from starvation by the WPA Art Project.

When I returned to Europe for the first time, in 1949, I could note that the attitude towards America, especially towards her arts, had changed, but in a very peculiar manner. Subsequent journeys corroborated my belief that Europeans (and the same may be true of Asians and Africans) now think of the United States as a country that has had no artists before the present crop of abstractionists. Pressed for an answer, many a European might venture to say, that, apart from Grandma Moses, no painter ever lived in America prior to the late Jackson Pollock (1912-1956)!

The U.S. Government is not without responsibility for this ignorance. In 1958, a splendid opportunity was missed to send to Brussels a selection of works of art, from Gustavus Hesselius (who emigrated from Sweden to Delaware in 1712) to painters and sculptors in their twenties and thirties. What was despatched to Europe, instead, consisted of (a) samples of American Indian art, (b) works of primitives such as Pickett and Kane, and (c) sculptures by more or less middle-aged representatives of the avant-garde. A poor substitute for what might have gone to Europe are the sets of large-size color reproductions of twentieth century paintings to be hung in U.S. embassies and other government offices abroad. The selection ranges from Thomas Eakins to our contemporary, Louis Bunce, and is a good one. But, as the New York *Herald Tribune* critic, Emily Genauer, writes with justification, "The pity is that . . . this most balanced assemblage will be seen only in reproductions."

Europeans to whom, in the past ten or twelve years, American art has been presented only in samples of extreme abstractions, will find it hard to believe that as recently as the late 'thirties abstract art was wholly unpopular in the United States. In 1940, Gallatin's Museum of Living Art lost its quarters at the Washington Square Campus of New York University, and only after a long search

found a home at the Philadelphia Museum. In the same year, the American Abstract Artists picketed the very Museum of Modern Art that, by 1958, was to become the bulwark and fortress of abstract art for the entire globe. Angered by the museum's interest in surrealism, and by its exhibition of drawings for the newspaper *PM*, this militant group insisted upon action. As one of its leaders, George L. K. Morris wrote, retrospectively:

> This being the great era of picketing, it was decided to distribute handbills denouncing the museum's policies among the visitors to the *PM* opening. So it was that a drizzly afternoon found the American Abstract Artists posted along 53rd Street in their raincoats; a scroll designed by Reinhardt with elaborate and antiquated script (appropriate to the museum's outlook) asked and answered many pertinent questions. Most pedestrians, as well as *PM* editors and museum-trustees, seemed considerably puzzled by it all. . . .

I witnessed the scene and was utterly nonplussed. But I was also thrilled. Having come from Europe where the artist was not considered able to fight back, where, rebuffed by society, an artist might emulate Claude Lantrier, Zola's tragic "hero" who kills himself, I found this determined action on the part of unpopular painters to be manly. It would not have occurred to me then that the "underdogs" of 1940 might, fourteen, fifteen years later, become victors so powerful as to control the press, the museums, the majority of galleries in the country to the exclusion of everything else!

It is, perhaps, possible to understand why to many Europeans abstract art, or at least its very latest phases, is identified with the American artist[1] (despite the fact that there is no lack of abstract art in Europe, either). The feeling is widespread that the United States has become the most materialistic, most mechanistic country

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[1]Reviewing *New Art in America* (edited by John I. H. Baur), a contributor to the *Times Literary Supplement* notices in the abstract paintings reproduced in the volume "an impatience to get results and an indiscipline of form and color in the adoption of an international style which tends to a superficial or discordant result." Observing that "energy often enough seems to fret at all that is static or contemplative in painting," he asks: "Is this kind of abstraction to be the characteristically American art?"

in the world, and that abstract art (or music, poetry, dance) constitutes the only possible reaction on the part of the artist to this ugly objective world. Unless he wishes to try suicide, the artist cannot escape from this outer world anywhere except into an inner world, but he cannot do this in the manner of the Expressionists or the Surrealists who, in a fashion, made use of the phenomena of the visible world. Too much frightened by what his eyes can see, too cowardly, too lazy, or too disillusioned to take issue with the burning problems of the day, the abstract artist devotes all his affection to those means that, in all other periods, were only a way of attaining an end. Now the various pigments, the surfaces of wood, metal, stone have become ends in themselves; now the artist who in 1940 so valiantly stood for his rights, no longer needs to worry. He has achieved his victory, one that enables him to play, undisturbed, like an infant with his faeces, or with his toes.

I am not in a league with such stalwart foes of abstract art as the writer Selden Rodman or the rich amateur, Huntington Hartford. In *The Eye of Man*, Rodman raises the question whether an artist has any duty to express, through his art, a spiritual message to his public, or whether he should be allowed to occupy himself entirely with the problems of form. The author is legitimately disturbed by many phenomena in mid-twentieth century art that betray a baffling poverty of imagination, an imitation of experiments thirty or forty years old, a repetitiousness and monotony that seems to betray just the opposite of the aggressiveness the new men and women in the arts are notorious for—namely, tiredness, even exhaustion. He is right to be upset by some absurdities concocted by the new groups, and their even more alarming manifestoes (e.g., "The artist must deny the very existence of mind").

A different sort of man is Huntington Hartford, that millionaire art patron who would like to excommunicate nearly all art produced after Cézanne. In 1955, through paid advertisements in the newspapers, under the title, "The Public Be Damned," he demanded that brakes be put on artists whose aims he refused to appreciate. He was answered by a Christian clergyman in a letter published in the New York *Times* from which we quote these sentences:

> Because he [Huntington Hartford] does not comprehend the symbols of modern expression, he condemns it outright as being without meaning, depth or moral emphasis. . . . The undertones of the article bespeak the demand for conformity: politically, socially, and ethically. This is the first step toward the destruction of the creative and the establishment of a new form of control over the thought and expression of people.

The apparent lack of self-discipline, the frequent introduction of novelties for novelty's sake, the preoccupation with material rather than ideas, tend to annoy and aggravate even critics diametrically opposed to Mr. Hartford. Recent group shows at the Whitney Museum of American Art revealed how little the majority of abstract artists had to say. When Degas was asked what he was mixing his pigments with, he quipped, "With brain." This, unfortunately, many of the contemporary American artists have failed to do. While it is true that a painting is made with pigments, and a poem with words, pigment- or word-obsession leaves out the spiritual in man that alone lifts the handling of material from the animal pleasure to the realm of art.

Small details from El Greco's later paintings on enlargement will yield visual results somewhat reminiscent of outpourings by certain abstract-expressionists. Yet El Greco's work always has a *Gestalt*, where this, precisely, is lacking in the newer school. What, exactly, is the contribution of the volcanic flow of rich color in the work of those men and women who throw pigment on the canvas until it looks like a field of lava? Van Gogh and Soutine have given vent to their fervent loves and hatreds in spontaneous eruptions of color, but, violently struggling with the forms of nature, they retained the minimum of control that distinguishes painting as an art from painting as a primitive sort of catharsis. Pigment alone offers no esthetic values, accidents are not genius, and molten lava is no substitute for design and idea.

Nor is the kind of collage that has become fashionable in the last decade, and can be seen frequently in New York's Stable Gallery. Concoctions of oil, gold leaf, metal, wood, plastic, small mirrors, electrical equipment, and what not are paraded as novelties, whereas they are actually crude, lifeless repetitions of what was done with more wit and subtlety around 1920. Instead of spontaneity—a term that is so often abused nowadays—I saw too many

contrivances. While the artists (and their eloquent patrons) spoke much of "searching," the sad fact was that there was not enough of it, that quite a few of these seekers were too quickly satisfied with what they had found.

Entering the exhibition of one of the demigods, I promised myself that I would follow the advice that critic Heinrich Heine had given: Do not ask, What should the artist do?, but rather, What does the artist want to do? To quote Heine verbatim: "Every new artistic genius must be judged according to the esthetic which he himself brings."

I tried—and failed. But was it my fault alone? I was not the one who declared that Sanskrit literature was meaningless because I had never bothered to learn the language. I had worked hard to understand the symbols of abstract art. But these paintings could offer me very little. Up to a point they are somewhat exciting as poetic expressions of a brooding soul, appealing through the deliberate contrast of textured surface against smooth, dull against shining, cool light color against heavy hot color. Beyond this point the artist becomes strident, replacing the lyrical song of long contemplation with ear-splitting noise that is effectual on all but the esthetic level. A fiery red ball hovering over what resembles a large ink blot—can this evoke echoes of spiritual recognition?

The cautious critic is not to be envied. Lest he be regarded by many, too many, people as an old fogy, ready for the ashcan, he must make a desperate effort to appreciate even that which chills him. Yet what is more frigid than mannerism, defined as an excessive or affected addiction to a peculiar style! Some of the huge canvases I have seen have the artistic merit of a heavyweight's blow to the jaw. That is, at least, how the tremendous red, green, blue, and black amorphous masses looming on the canvas of one artist strike me. Another artist offers equally large oils, characterized by two sizeable, differently pigmented rectangles placed against a third color.

Even the most tolerant critic who believes that something good may emerge from any experiment, however "crazy" it may appear at first sight, must become apprehensive about the attitudes of those American artists who want to overthrow completely the ordering rule of the intellect. Now it is true that nearly a century before

Jackson Pollock was born Schopenhauer had spoken about the omnipotence of the "Blind Will." Thereafter, Nietzsche with his hymn to "Life," Bergson with his "*elan vital*," and Freud with his emphasis upon the impersonal "*Es*" and its creative powers had, seemingly, put their stamp of approval upon an art that relies upon man's Unconscious. The Unconscious, yes—but not to the exclusion of the Ego! Any of these thinkers would have objected to the more radical statements made by American artists, such as one by the 35-year-old Californian, Sam Francis:

"I believe the value of an action (painting) lies in the realm of the unintentional."

Or the late Pollock:

"When I am *in* my painting, I'm not aware of what I'm doing."

Similar statements have been made by quite a few other painters and sculptors represented in the 1956 group shows, *15 Americans* (Museum of Modern Art) and *The New Decade* (Whitney Museum), which included thirty-five of the vanguard. While the sincerity of either Francis or Pollock, Clyfford Still or Franz Kline should not be doubted, I cannot but feel that, by surrendering to irrational impulses, they have lost the aid of the rational part in man's structure, that which enabled Paul Klee to exploit the hidden world of man's soul with a guide as reliable as the one who helped Dante to find his way through Inferno. There should be a middle-ground as far from the overly self-conscious ideological statements (in paint and otherwise) of a Ben Shahn, as from, for instance, the fatiguing emptiness of a Marc Rothko or Theodoros Stamos.

I do not suggest a return to the Old Masters. But I wonder whether the sensuous pleasure, derived from the touch of painting materials, or the "thrill" occasioned by the play of light over rippling surfaces is all one should expect to get from a work of art.[2] When

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[2]Art history repeats itself. As early as 1912 Roger Fry deplored the preoccupation with surface qualities on the part of collectors who, at that time, were worshiping *patina*, the film formed on centuries-old bronze sculptures:

"*Patine* . . . the adventitious material beauty which age alone can give, has come to be the object of a reverence greater than that devoted to the idea which is enshrined within the work of art. People are right to admire *patine*. Nothing is more beautiful than gilded bronze of which time has

simplification is carried to a point where all pictorial associations with past and present are broken, the onlooker's reaction can alternate only between boredom and anger. Why should the artists (or their dealers) urge us to exist on such a starvation diet for the soul? Why does one see the danger virtually invited by those self-propelled colors ready to march forward in any direction they choose? They remind me of the Sorcerer's Apprentic in Goethe's famous ballad who exclaims in anguish, "Alas, I cannot control the spirits that I have conjured up!"

Sydney Smith would not recognize this world of 1958 in which, in the four quarters of the globe, everyone looks at an American picture or statue. Everyone, but not everyone without misgivings. Everyone reads about American art, but not everyone is satisfied with statements like that made by a leading painter and theoretician:

> The emotion-releasing faculty of the color related to the formal aspect of the work becomes a means to awaken in us feelings to which the medium of expression responds analogically when we attempt to realize our experiences creatively.

The ugliness of this elephantine sentence is only matched by the color eruptions of the painter. Neither awakens in us, I am afraid, the desire to come back, to listen again, to look again. An impoverishment had set in which is particularly astonishing since the richest nation on earth seems to be promoting the poorest, emptiest sort of art. There is no more life in it than there is in the Socialist realism produced at the height of Stalin's era. For the struggle is not between realist and abstract art. It is between art that evolves out of tradition, out of man's mind, out of a concept of the universe—and the art of the soulless, disconnected robot!

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taken toll until it is nothing but a faded shimmering splendor over depths of inscrutable gloom; nothing finer than the dull glow which Pentelic marble has gathered from past centuries of sunlight and warm Mediterranean breezes. *Patine* is good, but it is a surface charm added to the essential beauty of expression: its beauty is literally skin-deep. It can never come into being or exist in or for itself; no *patine* can make a bad work good, or the forgers would be justified. It is an adjectival and anciliary beauty scarcely worthy of our prolonged contemplation." (From the collection of essays, *Vision and Design*, 1920).

As a healthy reaction, not to abstract art (which is a legitimate phenomenon of our time), but to the output of amateurs devoid of any feeling for design, there has been a desire, here and abroad, to rediscover the real heroes and rebels of the American world: the "radicals" who formed the Ashcan school; the organizers of the Armory Show; and such individualists as George Bellows and Alfred Maurer. Sometimes tribute is paid to these trailblazers for the wrong reason—out of sheer yearning for the recognizable figure dear to these men—but more often this "return" is only indicative of a search for spiritualized substance. The artistically illiterate pupil of Hofmann, belaboring the canvas with gritted teeth, his thought centered only on success; the sculptor, thinking of the sonorous title he might give to a piece made by slightly bending and twisting together discarded farm implements—they are not the harbingers of a new American art. They are the destroyers. Should they prevail (which they are not likely to do), the Sydney Smith of 1970 will, with greater justification, repeat the question asked a hundred and fifty years earlier:

"In the four quarters of the globe, who . . . looks at an American picture or statue?"

Accident

By ARTHUR CARSON

I remember the horses, their eyes turning like torn flowers,
and a woman, her skin shining like the wings of insects
over water. The horses
stopped, their throats open and wounded by air
as in their minds the axle broke under the skin,
penetrating the dry road like a pin. Flowers, blue
as her veins stained the wild dry road and one wheel
turned like a man insane; she
saw the wheel escape along one edge of the air.

The Longer Ritual

By LINDA CASPER

■ Nueva Ecija, Philippines.

"You are, after all, the remnants of a dead family," my uncle Tio Milio said pityingly, when he met me at the bus station. "And what are remnants?" He looked at me through his graying eyebrows as if, reaching for the ends of my conscience, he dared me to protest. It was a strange thing to say to a young man whose father was dying. But I was still a boy, to these elders; and my father was only another stranger dying.

I had been raised by my mother's family.

Everyone in the house across from the sun-yellowed municipal building was a relative, I supposed; so that when I came in that morning, boneless from a night's bus ride to the province, I kissed the hands of those who looked old enough to be aunts or uncles. No one wore black yet but they all talked low among themselves, probably piecing together their memory of my father. By some ageless intuition only, they seemed to know who I was and to guess that I kept tracing the faint hairline over my lip to hide my crooked boyish teeth. Introducing myself in my father's house made me feel as out of place as a sliver would have been in that wide mahogany floor. My grandmother's advice—"Show respect to all of them. It will not lessen you in any way"—was a burden under which I bowed, stooped a bit to perform my duty. Where was my place? To be young here was to be nothing.

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From a front room my brother came out, looking really about twenty-five years older than I. Although this was our first meeting, I had pictured him as having my features; I had prepared to be embraced and claimed. Instead, for an instant he appeared unsure, as if I were someone maliciously professing to be a relative. His eyes glistened like black marble bits dropped into a pool because the lines around his eyes formed concentric wrinkles. Yet he looked manly; and I envied his ability not to let his grief show. I myself had none to hide.

Because I had never before seen anyone die, the ritual of watching was unknown to me. For an uneasy moment I stood beside my father's bed, not daring to measure him against the sheets, not recognizing a single feature of myself in him. Later, I could not recall what his own face looked like.

After being led away from my father's bed, I sat in the farthest chair of the living room into which all the others opened. It was a very uncomfortable position—studying the lines on my hands which I locked together over my knee—but it seemed that every movement I made was being measured and commented upon. Finally I dared look up. On each alternate wall panel there hung an ornate mirror, slightly slanted forward so that I could see the heads of relatives without craning. Occasionally, they looked toward my father's room or rubbed their hands or stood up and sat again, as if it were a long time waiting.

But who was I to judge them? Perhaps they were merely trying to hide their grief. Was it nobler not to cry? I had so much to learn, before becoming a man.

Did relatives assemble and attend from a sense of duty so that others would comfort them in their own hour of dying? Were their smiles hiding their true feelings? And what did Tio Milio mean by remnants when my father had two sons and was therefore fortunate that his name would live forever?

In that large house, my great grandfather's, I tried to imagine what each mirror must have reflected through all those years. But I had no recollection, nor had any ever been told me. Had I grown up in that house, I wondered how differently I would have felt that morning.

Not knowing how to act as son or brother, I could only sit

apart unable to conjure up sorrow for want of any image of my father whose loss I could mourn. Had I known him proud of bearing, wise and laughing: then I could have wept for him prostrate, lips stretched thin, unfeeling and unfelt. Had he gone hunting with his own father, recklessly speared a wild carabao in their mango orchard and perhaps never recovered the spear? Had he swum in the river near the church or poled the flat *cascoes* bearing rice for the city where the river ended? I never even knew if he had cried at my mother's burial, at my birth.

At that moment did he know who were in the house? That I was there and had seen the doctor leave and the priest come and felt nothing?

I who hardly felt fully alive, fully stretched to the ends of growing flesh and bone, how could I attach real meaning to death and dying? Until that morning it had meant only All Saints Day; and even then the dead were only so many whitewashed crosses, so many crooked candles and stiffened flowers. Relatives and friends came to stay for an hour, compare decorations and candle sizes, watch the children gathering melted wax into pock-marked balls and the priests making rounds, re-blessing remembered graves. In a flash of righteousness I had taken candles from overladen tombstones and had set them up on the farther crosses of the few forgotten. Unknowingly I must have been trying to light up my mother's grave which I had never been allowed to see. The churchyard on those nights was loud with fruit, candle, and flower vendors; hot with the steam from cooking vats of ginger tea and tubes of blue rice cakes. Inside the church, veiled relatives raised lighted candles before the plaques of those who had passed from the graveyard to the church pillars. Did it matter whether one died in 1870 or in 1950?

I found myself thinking how my father's funeral would be and guiltily checked myself. It was only that I already missed the walled-in yard at home, green peace under the acacias that shut out the city. Home was at least comfortable—even though I had always had to keep out of the way of so many aunts and I did not really belong there either. Where was my place?

By noontime, after most of the relatives had left, I followed the remainder to the dining room. On the waxed floor the servants'

bare feet made marks that soon evaporated but their sound, I thought, was like the quiet suck of river leeches.

"Come on now," my brother called to his wife who had stood up at the table and, pinching the maid bearing a steaming dish of stewed chicken, taunted her to spill a drop. "Don't dry your blood on those girls."

Tio Milio who sat beside me told me that the woman at the table's other end was my father's sister, Tia Sela, who had been coming for several days now to make his midday soup. Her clothes, loose blouse and long skirt, made her look like one of the farm tenants.

"She, of all of you, should get something," Tio Milio said, as if I had some power of disposition. (I had hardly the strength to manage a spoon.) He had not taken off his white linen suit which was tight around the waist, the trousers tapered in the fashion of some twenty years ago. He had been so used to wearing it during long seasons as justice of the peace that even the scalding soup could not make him shed it.

"This is Father's favorite dish," my brother said, passing the stewed chicken around with one hand while hurriedly using the other to eat.

Throughout the whole meal I suffered so from a feeling of being left out of their conversations that I tried to look alternately sullen and indifferent, creasing my forehead and picking at my food. When I bit my tongue, I wondered who would be thinking of me at that very moment. It could not be my father.

"Tio Milio," my brother talked right past me. "I thought that the *alkalde's* . . . the two-thousand peso thing they got from the States . . . that Father's should be as fine."

"Why not, you probably have a bigger name than that of the *alkalde*? And after all, your father is leaving you a fortune."

How thoughtful it was of my brother to avoid mentioning caskets. The *delicadesa* of a gentleman! But shouldn't caskets and those things come—afterwards?

After lunch, alone and bored, I drifted to the porch. The main road was empty except for one horse-drawn *carretela* that creaked heavily over the stones past the house and stopped under the shade of the fire tree to wait for passengers. A little girl was skipping

rope across the road and I watched her retrieve her slippers every time she jumped. Concentrating, eyes and mouth and body rigid, she ignored the woman who called out to her that if she did not stop jumping, the food she had just eaten would go to her feet. Not even the people entering and leaving the house made her pause to stare. Did she know my father was dying?

My brother's wife came out onto the porch with another woman whose hair was slung sideways in a knot. When they refused to notice me, I turned away and looked down at the bougainvilleas climbing the railings. Against the ground their flowers made a young, half-grown thrust of pink, red, and orange. Catching the railing with my elbows, I tried to break off some thorns against my foot as if to stunt the bush.

"Did you know that Pedro and I have not slept for a long time now?" I heard my sister-in-law ask. "Honestly, I think I will miss the old man more than his own children. You know, sometimes blood is not so thick." I had a sudden feeling that she was directing her words at me, and I scratched my initials on the railing with my nails, driving them in harder with her every word. *I am here*, I wanted to write.

When the other woman left, my sister-in-law made no move to follow her. Instead she turned and looked me over. Instinctively, I straightened up and, quite unmanly, returned stare for stare. Still with her hands on her hips she asked after my grandfather and grandmother. "They are your only parents, aren't they? You've never known your father. The old man wanted to see you several days ago but we decided it might not be good for him."

She talked about having made arrangements with the cemetery custodian. "We thought that the old man might want to be buried near his wife although they've never been that close . . . I suppose you know what I mean. Perhaps if your mother's people did not take you away. . . ." In her finger she was winding a large diamond ring set in a filigree shell. It caught my attention and so vividly did I realize it was the very ring my mother had been wearing when she died. Grandmother told me about it because it had been hers. "It will be with your mother forever," my grandmother told me.

Just then a long black car stopped before the house bearing an enormous wreath of yellow flowers. The intensity of the color

stunned me. Against the car top they looked like masses of candle-light on All Saints Day, or a single gem cut into small flames.

My brother's wife ran to the top of the stairs announcing the governor's wife. "Imagine her coming over—and bringing flowers!"

Behind the governor's wife who was wearing high sequined slippers, the chauffeur struggled with both hands to carry the wreath. All the servants came out of the kitchen open-mouthed; the living room gasped.

I stood in the porch doorway suddenly flush as if the sun were pouring out of my blood.

Together Pedro and his wife fussed over the visitor. He called back the chauffeur who had begun to retreat and told him it was all right to bring the flowers up; she ordered the maid to bring in some fruit preserves. "You know, I have been campaigning too," he snapped his fingers. "Only yesterday at the barber-shop I got at least eight votes."

A sudden wailing fled from the bedroom. Tia Sela emerged, crying on her shawl like a whipped child. I knew Father was dead. Had he ever wanted to say: *I am here*? To be too old was to be nothing.

Faint sunset slanted through the doorway and back against the farthest wall inside, tracing a single line of light upon the floor. I was sure of my feelings.

"You may go in now," Pedro nodded to my sisters. "Father's dead. I was not able to talk to him and there is no will."

Almost at once after embracing some relatives, he went to the telephone and informed the newspapers, to save himself the trouble of reaching the distant relatives and friends. The table in the center of the living room was moved up near the piano and replaced by the wreath of yellow flowers. Deliberately I sat in the chair which the governor's wife had just vacated and dared them all to make me move and make way. No one approached me. Several maids came out of the opposite room bearing thin black veils; my brother's wife was giving instructions to the cook for the nine-day wake.

Everything had been planned ahead. It had indeed been a long while waiting, for them. Their smiles had not merely hid their grief that morning. Why then had I blamed myself?

"You were not at the bedside?" Tio Milio pulled my arm—and my conscience again. "You are his son, too. I'll tell you something." He looked closely at me, gripping his cigar tightly between his teeth. "There is a will. I made it for your father. There *is* a will."

Without answering Tio Milio, I stood up and walked to the stairs, looking at no one. "Aren't you staying for supper?" My brother noticed me. I shook my head. "You know I'll be fair even if there is no will." He held my arm as if trying to draw me to his confidence. I pulled away, knowing they were waiting for my words. I took my time. Soon cut flowers would be arriving.

I wished I had known from the beginning how to feel; that I had grown up in my Father's house or that Father had opened his eyes to claim my birth when I stood by his bed. Why hadn't he? I tried to picture him now, but his was just anyone's face, not mine or ours. I had come to find a father, find in him a trace of my mother; but neither of them appeared. I had no family to recover, no place to find in any family. Would I grow up now to manners, like the rest; or, somehow, to manhood? How could I identify myself, son of a father who had no sons?

When I looked up to keep from crying, everyone was still watching. Shame and anger, and hatred for myself settled over me like melting wax.

I would perform no ritual for them; I stepped down.

"Come back and mourn with us," I heard my brother call out.

"I wonder who of the mourners will be comforted," Tio Milio answered quietly for me, perhaps knowing all the time what I had just discovered.

There would be a longer ritual ahead, for me.

The sun was fully set. The chandelier light stopped at the lower door and in the garden there was no smell of flowers.

■ BOOKS

The Necessary Illusion: A Letter From London

By JEAN SUDRANN

Recently I received a batch of clippings from the New York newspapers—reviews of Ray Lawler's *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, the Australian play which was brought to New York after a long and immensely successful London run. They were sent by an irate friend who had acted on my enthusiastic recommendation to purchase tickets without waiting for the New York critics to pronounce judgment. In attempting to account for the notable discrepancy between my praise and their blame, I found my clue in Brooks Atkinson's review. "It is the English language," he wrote, "that is confusing. We think we know the full meaning of what the Australians are telling us. We don't." Nor is this failure of comprehension an isolated example, even in the current theatrical season. A report from America in the London *Times* points out that "most of the praise printed about [John Osborne's] *Look Back in Anger* has concentrated on the writing, acting, and direction rather than the ideas. The author's blistering attacks . . . possess no particular meaning or relevance for the majority of American playgoers." Reviews of both of Osborne's plays in the New York newspapers substantiate the *Times*'s comment and suggest that our vision of contemporary British literature is, at the least, myopic. Again, we seem to have been misled by the English language into a false assumption of understanding.

This failure in understanding is due, in part at least, to our commitment to generalizations about British post-war attitudes which have become outdated clichés. We are still thinking in terms of the immediate emotional reactions of an exhausted nation forced to acknowledge that while it won the war, it lost the peace. The bomb sites of London still strike our imagination more forcefully than the new buildings which have risen from them. Yet for more than a decade the rebuilding, metaphoric as well as literal, has been shaping while we have neither properly

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seen that shape nor recognized the extent to which it is the concern of the British novelist and dramatist as well as the architect and politician.

The fundamental issue has been clearly stated by J. B. Priestley in one of the most talked-of publications in Britain this winter, an article in the November second *New Statesman*. In lucid, moving prose, Priestley calls on his country to create a new identity for herself and with that new identity to work out a new role for Great Britain in the world. Precisely this problem of identity has become a major theme in British literature of the past decade. Our understanding—and ultimately our evaluation—of that literature must depend on our awareness of the theme and our knowledge of the extent to which it has developed beyond the simple assertion of the death of the old identity.

Priestley's plea for Britain deliberately and publicly to count herself out of the atomic race is based on the fact of her demise as a world political power. With all the sharpness of a cartoon display of the ridiculous, Priestley creates a figure of Britain as the Treasury official "nervously fingering a few remaining chips" in a game for doubled stakes with "two drunk oil millionaires." The reduction of John Bull to a Treasury official makes this demonstration of the impossibility of the old role at the same time a statement of the death of the old identity. Similar economy of means in stating the fact of that death is used by Angus Wilson in "Ten Minutes to Twelve," the final story of his new volume, *A Bit Off the Map*. The story opens with the figure of the ironically named Lord Peacehaven at his desk completing a Company directive. But the woman who comes at his call to distribute the memorandum is not a secretary but a nurse. Lord Peacehaven is insane; the memorandum is to be kept for his psychiatrist to see.

Over and over again, this statement of the death of the past provides the landscape for the literature of the present. It does so literally in Elizabeth Taylor's *Angel*, a novel about a grocer's daughter who becomes an outrageously successful novelist of High Society and mistress of the Paradise House where her aunt had once served as ladies' maid. By the time Angel Deverell takes possession, however, Paradise House has crumbled into decay, for the family has long since lost its money and moved away. Even the immensely sympathetic portrait of Billy Rice in *The Entertainer* is drawn by John Osborne as a figure of decay. Like Jimmy Porter's father-in-law in *Look Back in Anger*, Billy Rice is "one of those sturdy old plants left over from the Edwardian wilderness." But there is no nourishment for him in this new soil and his death is only the expected conclusion of his attempt to come back to the vaudeville stage where he was once numbered among the truly great.

There is, then, no "return engagement" possible for the past. Full recognition of this is part of the wholly adult assertion of its death and has its place in the novel and the short story, as well as the play. In her attempt to revive Paradise House, Angel bankrupts herself. Even then, many of the rooms are shut up and vacant; the very peacocks, supplied for the restored terrace, mope and moult, then die without ever fanning out their tail feathers. At the home of Lord Peacehaven on New Year's Eve the statement is somewhat more dramatically made. His memorandum, headed "TEN MINUTES TO TWELVE," has been brought downstairs for all to read: Lord Peacehaven expects every man to do his duty while the band plays "Rule Britannia" and the men polish up the watchwords "Unity" and "Action." He will brook no interference: trade unions must remember that they are "a British Institution" and foreigners, their subservient place. Unexpectedly, Lord Peacehaven's grandson, Geoffrey, is roused from his evening's indifferent silence to acclaim both the intent and the vigor of the document. By this time, "it really is ten minutes to twelve" and Geoffrey is chosen "as the darkest man present" to go out into the garden and bring in the New Year. Twenty years before, Lord Peacehaven had undertaken the same mission. It cost him his identity and marked the beginning of his insanity. Now his grandson, who is "the spit image of Lord Peacehaven," steps out into the darkness fired by his grandfather's directive to promise a return with a "year of adventure and action." He will come back with 1956, the year of Suez, that disastrously attempted "return engagement" of the old identity and the old role.

If Geoffrey is "dark," hidden in the unexplored realm of the future, the generation which lies between grandfather and grandson can be all too plainly seen. Lord Peacehaven's children—the present generation—are simply nonentities. Assembled in the panelled hall for their celebratory champagne, they disturb Lady Peacehaven by their bland lack of concern for public affairs as they chatter of winter holidays in Switzerland and offer smug justifications for the mass appeal of television. To be sure, the bachelor scientist, Roland, is contemptuous of this chatter, but only because of its refusal to acknowledge The March of Science. Angus Wilson brilliantly achieves here the effect of cardboard figures uneasily poised in a world so little understood that they can express themselves only through querulousness and braggadocio. Put these figures beside Priestley's picture of Britain's ministers sent to the conference table "half-dressed, half-smart, half-tough, half-apologetic, figures inviting contempt" and Osborne's characterization of the seedy third-rate vaudeville actor, Archie Rice, who takes the spotlight in *The Entertainer*, and the

present generation's reading of itself begins to come clear. If the past lies buried in time, the present is rigid with the paralysis of ineffectualness.

The source and the nature of that paralysis is most fully explored in *The Entertainer* where the past vividly confronts the present and much of the force of the play springs from the emotional tension of that confrontation. Archie Rice loves his father; more important, he respects him as a man and as an artist. But Archie knows that his father is dead. At the end of the play, his daughter, Jean, cries out: "We have only ourselves." Archie has known that from the beginning. Every statement he makes at home, every bit of his vaudeville patter and song, is either colored by this knowledge or is a deliberate statement of it. In a very real sense, he pays for this knowledge of death with his own capacity for life. The paralysis which Archie describes as "being dead behind the eyes" is the price he pays for having seen too clearly. For, as with all acts of great courage, the cost is high and risks are great.

The scene between Billy Rice and his granddaughter opens the play with an explicit statement of the paralysis and a description of its source. Contemptuously dismissing Archie's current engagement as "a lot of third-class sluts standing about in the nude," the old man knows that the vaudeville business is "dead already. Has been for years." And he knows why. "They don't want real people any more," he says, foreshadowing Archie's later cry that "we're all characters out of something that nobody believes in." During the course of the play, Billy's reminiscences define quite precisely the personality which gave being to the past, while the very structure of the play underlines the complete anonymity of the present.

In contrast to the "new five-minute wonders with a microphone," Billy sets his memory of "the real pro" who was "a real man" and could "hold them on his own for half an hour." The "real pro" could do this because his was a "real personality," a unique identity expressed through his "own style" and his "own songs." Today's performer needs a microphone, a backdrop of flashy nudes, some mechanical aid as a gimmick to make the act go. He cannot do it by himself because he is nobody. When Billy goes on to describe how, in the past, "each man knew what the rules were, and even if we spent half our time making people laugh at 'em we never seriously suggested that anyone should break them," he is clearly suggesting the social conditions which made that unique identity possible. In his day, beautiful women were ladies and "you took off your hat before you dared speak to them" just as you took off your hat when you passed the Cenotaph, "even in the bus." Today, "half the time you can't tell the women from the men," the Government from the Opposi-

tion. Even the Cenotaph can be recognized only by its ornamentation. "If you took the flags off of it, I expect they'd sit down and eat their sandwiches on it," says Billy. "The rules" demanded that one stand bareheaded out of respect for ladies and for the war dead—for individuals and for the nation. To each those rules gave a full measure of the dignity that comes from recognition. Moreover, through the gesture of the lifted hat, Osborne draws a parallel that creates a link between personal and national identity: the lady and "The Glorious Dead" are recognized by the same courtesy.

That link is strengthened by the final phrase in Billy's comment: "We all had our own style, our own songs—and we were all English." Nor is Osborne alone in suggesting the interdependence of the personal and the national identity. Lord Peacehaven's autocracy, as we have seen, is piped to the same tune. "From now on," he writes, "we shall play 'Rule Britannia' and they will like it." When Patience, his granddaughter, bursts out in shocked disapproval to liken this demand for power to Russian bullying, Geoffrey shouts her down: "You didn't listen properly. The whole point is that the firm's *English*. Grandfather said so."

Since the development, the very existence, of the individual seems dependent on a national identity, the collapse of national power and personal wealth must necessarily involve not only the disappearance of the way of life which these supported but also the human identities they provided. The nude who appears on the stage of Archie's vaudeville show wearing Britannia's helmet and displaying a bulldog and trident is the very image of that collapse; Jean Rice's outburst on the Suez crisis where lives are being lost "for a gloved hand waving at you from a golden coach" simply reiterates the fact. Like the flags on the Cenotaph, the trident and the golden coach no longer possess the magical power of naming. Mere stage props, not living symbols, they serve within the play to heighten the implications of Archie's vaudeville tag—"We're all in a very old building. Yes, very old. Old."—until it, in turn, becomes a poignant comment on the Rice family and the world which they inhabit. Based on this demonstration of the failure of all sources of identity, Osborne's play is about the sheer anonymity of the human beings who live in a world where neither men nor women, Government nor Opposition, are capable of identification. The incapacity for action which is the direct result of this anonymity—for who can act when he has no role to play?—is beautifully expressed through the entire atmosphere of the play: a miasmal gin-soaked fatigue, the condition by which these lives continue to endure.

The comments of the anonymous present as it contemplates the

moribund past scarcely suggest the vitality of a literature created by a rebuilding nation. Nevertheless, what Priestley calls the "decisive creative act" necessarily begins with such comment. For if the present seeks some means of naming the anonymous self, its quest must begin in the fields of the past. Lord Peacehaven's memorandum supplies the reason: "In any case the Son has being in and through the Father. This is an IMMUTABLE MORAL LAW. . . ." The measure to which the recognition of that relationship can be effective in establishing the new identity, however, rests wholly on the clarity of vision by which the Son sees the Father. Rather than the filial lament in the graveyard, then, the creative insight by which the present names the past is the condition essential for the fulfillment of the quest.

The task seems simple. Surely nothing could be easier than to name the strength of the Empire Builder, the complacency of the prosperous Victorian, the elegance of the assured Edwardian. But these clichés are precisely what must be eschewed; true clarity of vision is what the task demands. In Angus Wilson's story, this clarity is achieved by Roland, the scientist, who recognizes the "note of anxiety and fear" in what his father has written and knows that it does not spring wholly from his illness. "'I think that's what he must have always felt, with all his courage and individualism and high handedness. Of course,' he went on, 'their certainty was so limited. In fact, it wasn't there. There was only a bottomless pit beneath their strength of will.'" Strength of will throwing out a plank over a bottomless pit: this is the face of the past. The image is a striking one and immensely significant in its suggestion that the peaceful, prosperous, secure past, that past whose death is so lamented, never did exist. It never was a reality but rather a myth, created from the very strength of man's will and powerful enough to set the band playing "Rule Britannia" and to keep the men at their "Action Stations."

Elizabeth Taylor makes a similar statement about the nature of the past, in the same richly ironic vein in which her whole novel is conceived. Shortly before her death, Angel entertains a youthful admirer who sees her as nothing less than a splendid figure from the storied past. "The space, the quiet, the strangeness captivated him; it was so unlike the neat villas, the golden privet hedges, the shaved lawns of the suburbs where he lived. The wildness and beauty were enhanced for him by Angel herself in her dress of faded, streaky red, her coiled-up hair with not a gray thread in it, her eccentricity which seemed to him so typical of the decaying aristocracy." This vision of the grocer's daughter as a pattern of the decaying aristocracy is simply another reading of the myth of the past. One is tempted to point to the tone of self-pitying sentimentality

which all of the characters of *The Entertainer* employ whenever they speak of Billy Rice as a further recognition of the same myth. But the play itself comes so close to underwriting that sentimentality and Osborne's control of his materials is so unsure, that to formulate this suggestion is perhaps to give a false emphasis to the whole effect of the play.

Osborne, nevertheless, shares in the discovery which springs from the realization of the power of the myth. He is aware, that is, of its life-giving quality. In the stage directions, he calls the wary self-protectiveness of Archie's attitude toward his family "part of his personal myth." The phrase is significant both for its suggestion of the necessity of the myth and for the adjective denoting its isolation. Yet thin and negative as that myth is, it makes existence possible for Archie Rice. His vaudeville routine—"But I have a go, lady, don't I? I 'ave a go. I do."—measures the degree of "life" of which Archie is capable; the moment of drunken retching which cuts short his attempt at genuine lament for the death of his son dramatizes the limits of that capability. Archie "had a go at" an honest feeling; he couldn't quite make it. The vaudeville tag thus becomes Archie's epitaph: a statement of the feeble insufficiency of his myth.

The inadequacy of this "personal myth" and the failure of Lord Peacehaven's attempt to maintain his balance above the "bottomless pit" is matched by Angel Deverell's successful creation of a sustaining illusion. Less concerned than either Wilson or Osborne with the death of the past or the insufficiency of the present, Miss Taylor writes of the myth triumphant in a novel whose structure, nevertheless, is based on the same premises. As a child, Angel's first necessity is to establish an identity that will distinguish her from the grey and dreary commonplace of the Volunteer Street Grocery Shop. Her dying words, in a magnificent "triumph over reality," gloriously assert the created identity: "'I am Angel Deverell,' she said and the words were very loud and triumphant and echoed round the room."

If Angel's first necessity is to name herself, her first action in the novel points the way toward the discovery of that name: the creation of the myth of Paradise House. At first, this takes the form of childish daydreams, infinitely elaborated from Aunt Lottie's servants' gossip of life in that house. Later, it becomes the very stuff of Angel's novels. The interdependence of the discovery of the name and the creation of the myth is constant through the novel, building toward the climactic picture of Angel as mistress of Paradise House. There is, of course, no more resemblance between the "real" Paradise House and Angel's vision of it than there is between "real" life in the world of English country houses

and Angel's novels about that life. Yet the illusion which Angel has created is at once the source of her identity and her art.

The reasons for the success of that art help to define further the power of the myth. Angel writes silly novels about a world in which champagne bottles are opened with corkscrews. Yet her sales are enormous and while the sophisticated laugh at these novels, they laugh with delight. For Angel makes that world live. When she tries unsuccessfully to write of another world, her publisher fumblingly attempts to define the cause of her original success: "I wish that she would go back to her old style and give people something to excite and enliven them and take them out of this wretched present." The note of enlivenment is sounded again in the reaction of Angel's friend, Lady Baines, for she finds the novels "large enough to satisfy her love of life and liveliness." What Angel does, then, is simply to create life through an art based on what is, for her, a living myth. That Angel's Paradise House never existed matters no more than the reality of Olympus. Each gives life, creates art.

As Angel stands in the ruins of the conservatory on her first visit to Paradise House, she comments on her childhood stories about her "life" in that house. "People called them lies . . . but I was only willing myself towards the truth." Her purchase of Paradise House is dramatic proof of the creation of that truth. A truth dependent, as we have seen, on the vigorous creation of a commensurate identity. The dreary paralysis of the grocer's shop and the decay of the country house make no difference. Indeed, what difference can it make that the past is dead, for the past is always, by definition, dead. But man's spirit to acknowledge it and to create from it does not die. Only this spirit, recognizing the necessity for the new myth, can create the new name.

This unflagging belief in man's creative potential lies at the very center of the contemporary British novel and seems in large measure responsible for the impression of tremendous vigor which the body of that literature presents in contrast to the factitious melodramatic energy of much of the American novel. The fertile comic inventiveness of Kingsley Amis and Nigel Dennis, for example, manifests one form of that vigor while suggesting further explorations of the theme. The excruciating adventures of Amis' Lucky Jim are surely adventures in search of an identity while the very title of Dennis' *Cards of Identity* proclaims his central concern and the novel itself illuminates with comic brilliance the shabbiness of some of the illusions by which men have sought to purchase the essential identity. While critical comment on L. P. Hartley's *The Go-Between* has rightly stressed the extraordinary power with which he depicts the child's education into the nature of evil, it has failed to

give sufficient weight to the narrative frame which emphasizes the plight of the man made sterile by the encounter with evil in that 1900 dwelling place of Olympian gods, the English country house. At the magical beginning of the century, the boy sought the splendors of a new age; he was destroyed for life in that age by the unmasking of those gods, the death of the illusion. The characters of Elizabeth Bowen's *World of Love* are also held in paralysis by the past. The action of the novel rests on their efforts to understand that past while the success of those efforts is marked by the deliverance from paralysis into action, into life. Another aspect of the theme is treated in Hartley's most recent novel, *The Hireling*, where his chauffeur protagonist literally creates life for the deadened widow—and, not at all incidentally, for himself—by the deliberate creation of an illusion which gives an identity to each of them. In the same way, the woman at the window of William Sansom's *The Loving Eye* is the creative illusion who can cure the protagonist's ulcer, can become the reality through which life is defined.

Such cursory listing, while grossly unjust to the unique approach of each of the novels, does fairly represent the extent to which the major British novelists are concerned with the exploration of this theme. Last August, the *Times Literary Supplement* published a special supplement with a full page title: *A Sense of Direction: Being an Examination of the Efforts of Writers to Keep or Regain Contact with the Everyday Realities of Life in Terms of Modern Literature.* This winter, the Sunday *Observer* ran a series of interviews with authors exploring the extent to which they felt it essential to be "engaged" in the political life of their time. The arts in Britain are making the same self-conscious call to "lifemanship" as the scientists and leaders of political thought. Each lives intimately with the nightmare that Priestley describes as "universal catastrophe and apocalypse, the crack of doom into which communism, western democracy, their way of life and our way of life, may disappear for ever." From the stuff of this international nightmare, whose terror is heightened by the dreamer's loss of identity, England's writers are creating a literature. Their various concern with the recognition of the lost identity inherited from the past as the first step towards the new myth, the decisive creation of a new vital identity for the future, is the measure both of their engagement with the political life of their times and of their ability to communicate that engagement in terms of art.

Organization Men Need Not Apply

The Sources of Invention. By John Jewkes, David Sawers, and Richard Stillerman. St. Martin's Press, 1958. $6.75.

Approximately half of this book is devoted to analysis and narrative accounts of the sources of inventions which raise questions about the validity of certain accepted clichés in this subject area. The other half is devoted to case histories of a large number of recent and contemporary inventions. (A conspicuous omission is atomic energy, still too undeveloped for peacetime use to be included here.)

The book has a refreshing, old fashioned approach. The senior author, John Jewkes, as his recent book, *Ordeal by Planning*, clearly demonstrates, is an unreconstructed liberal in the nineteenth-century sense, and he refuses to be panicked into accepting the imperative necessity of large organization and team work in order to achieve innovation. The evidence presented by *The Sources of Invention* in its emphasis on the continuing importance of the individual can be considered as a sequel to Jewkes's condemnation of overall planning in his earlier volume.

The book attacks two widely held and related clichés about inventions. One is that the twentieth century is an age of organization in which the individual inventor has little or nothing to contribute. The second concedes that the monopolistic or oligopolistic firm is the only really significant source of invention. These two views have been foisted on the public mind by writers whose penchant for colorful prose outruns their interest in accurate observation and careful reporting. A major sinner in this rosy path to easy generalization is J. K. Galbraith, Harvard professor and one-time *Fortune* editor. Says the Harvard economist:

> A benign Providence . . . has made the modern industry of a few large firms an almost perfect instrument for inducing technical change. . . . There is no more pleasant fiction than that technical change is the product of the matchless ingenuity of the small man forced by competition to employ his wits to better his neighbor. Unhappily it is a fiction. Technical development has long since become the preserve of the scientist and the engineer. Most of the cheap and simple inventions have, to put it bluntly, been made.

A great deal of the evidence presented in *The Sources of Invention* can be looked upon as a defense of the individual inventor and as a condemnation of the implicit collectivism of Galbraith (and several other writers quoted in the book). Without completely discounting the contri-

butions of large firms, Jewkes and his associates show that the individual not only has been in the past but continues in the present to be a leading source of inventions. The need for expensive equipment and large organization in making discoveries is greatly exaggerated. The full use and development of an invention (really another problem) may necessitate much money and a big bureaucracy, yet even here the importance of size may be exaggerated.

Galbraith advances the argument that monopolistic or oligopolistic firms furnish the contemporary means of inventions, providing evidence from only two industries. He compares the oil industry which is oligopolistic and progressive with the bituminous coal industry which is competitive and backward. "But the illustration is an unfortunate one for his case," say Jewkes and company. "For in the oil industry many of the outstanding ideas have come from outside the industry or from smaller firms. As for the bituminous coal-mining industry, it may be technically backward in the United States under competitive conditions, but it is probably even more backward in Great Britain under monopolistic conditions."

Since Galbraith plumps for large organization and affirms the twilight of the individual gods of invention, he is of course necessarily led to conclude that all the simple inventions "have, to put it bluntly, been made." But in *The Sources of Invention* his statement stands out like a potbelly on a middle aged man. Simple inventions continue to be made. Even something as complicated as the cyclotron did not require expensive equipment in its early stages. The first cyclotron was built by Ernest O. Lawrence and an associate with improvised means:

> There was an ordinary wooden kitchen chair on top of a physics laboratory table at the University of California in Berkeley. On either side of this chair stood a clothes tree, with wire hanging on the hooks which normally would hold hats and coats. Between the two poles the wire was suspended in loose loops. The loops went all around the chair, on the seat of which was an object about the size and shape of a freshly baked pie. It was made of window glass, sealing wax and brass.

For automation we are greatly indebted to the mathematical genius of the highly individualistic thinker, Norbert Wiener. Are we to think of him as a harmonious member of a team working from nine to five in a laboratory? Wiener himself has expressed apprehension over the stultifying influence of the large research organization. "The great laboratory," he says, "may do many important things, at its best, but at its worst it is a morass which engulfs the abilities of the leaders as much as those of the followers."

The nineteenth century is generally considered the heroic period of

individualistic invention whereas the twentieth century is thought to be a period of organized, large-scale inventions. The authors of *The Sources of Invention* see the difference as greatly exaggerated. Further, in their book, the inventors of the nineteenth century were a more closely knit group than is commonly supposed. Samuel Smiles may be responsible for the prevailing stereotype that the heroic, lonely inventor was the dominant type of a hundred years ago. He was attracted, for some unexplained reason, to the lonely inventor and disliked writing a biography of a successful man. "Smiles's predilection for the under-dog may well have given a twist to the interpretation of the history of technology in the nineteenth century."

Jewkes and his associates devote their last two sections to "The Virtues of Eclecticism" and "Can the Individual Inventor be Helped?" If they had final authority in the disposal of funds for research, they would not close down the large laboratory, yet they would look upon requests for funds by large organizations with a critical eye. In appropriating funds for a research organization, they would remind themselves that

> Formally organized research institutes, numerous as they may become, could no more absorb all the members of the community capable of inventive effort than could all the University Schools of Literature cater for all those capable of writing one good poem or novel in their lifetime. There are part-time inventors, inventors capable of one burst of innovation and nothing more, inventors unable to pass examinations, inventors who by temperament would not survive a week in an organized regime.

Can help be given the individual inventor? Not much, although *The Sources of Invention* devotes eleven pages to the subject. Who can help the "awkward, lonely, enquiring, critical men—the men of 'wide-ranging, sniffling, snuffling, undignified, unself-dramatising curiosity' "? Instructive is the experience of F. W. Lanchester (1868-1946), who had over 400 patents to his credit and who made his greatest contributions in aerodynamics and mechanical engineering. About his own career Lanchester wrote, ". . . my work has been almost wholly individual. My scientific and technical work has never been backed by funds from external sources to any material extent."

—Valdemar Carlson

What Economists Do

The Skills of the Economist. By Kenneth E. Boulding. Howard Allen, Inc. 1958. Pp. vi, 193. $3.50.

This little volume consists substantially, although not formally, of one book and one concluding essay, the latter being related to the former only in the personal experience of the author. The book is primarily a description of some of the definitions written by economic theorists and of the methods by which these concepts are manipulated; the essay is an expression of Professor Boulding's personal faith in the existence of a Great Artist and a Great Pattern (p. 184).

Some of the chapters have been published in other collections, and the work originated in a series of lectures given by the author in Brazil in 1953. The latter fact probably accounts for his occasional allusions to obscure points of Brazilian history. Professor Boulding says that in writing the book he has assumed no previous knowledge of economics on the part of his readers but that those familiar with the subject will be better able than others to judge what he is talking about. It is likely that anyone who has not had at least a first course in economics will be tempted to toss the book aside by the time he reaches Figure 2 on page 37, and, if he does not, he will probably find it hard going for at least a part of the way from that point forward.

However, anyone who is not an economist and who has the required stamina will probably find the effort put into reading the whole book rewarding, as will any economist. He will not find in it a definition of economics; Professor Boulding has not attempted the impossible. But he will find an extremely enlightening description of what contemporary economic *theorists* do, that is to say, what problems they concern themselves with and how they go about trying to find answers to such problems. That the reader may eventually come to the end of this description and to the conclusion that what contemporary economic theorists do is not especially important is also within the realm of possibility, but at least he will then have come to his conclusion on the basis of a first-hand report by an expert in the particular field under consideration.

"Economics," says Boulding, "is what economists do." This definition seems recently to have become popular, but one suspects that the international lawyers had the idea first, for this is the way in which they have defined international law at least since the end of World War II. Unfortunately, it is not possible to describe the skills of the economist

without also describing the "system" to which that skill is related. Thus we are brought gently to an acceptance of the notion of an "economic system," which is defined as "a system of commodities which are exchanged."

A good part of the skill of the economic theorist is concerned with analyzing the ideal and abstract system which his imagination has thus created. Merely devising the system is not enough; its properties must also be explored, "especially the dynamic properties of the model if it is to have any validity as an instrument of analysis and of prediction." However, the more complex the model, the more difficult the study of its properties.

At this point the reader ought to be put on his guard: not all economists rationalize model building in quite the same way. Professor Andreas Papandreou (in what makes an interesting little companion volume published at almost the same time as the one under review) has just recently used symbolic logic to demonstrate his own particular argument that economists do not construct theories but merely construct models.[1] Models, Papandreou argues convincingly, have no predictive powers, they are merely explanatory schemata; and, it is time to admit that the folklore about economics as a science "interferes with the development of new tools" and the investigation of new and interesting problems.

But arguments about questions of this kind, Boulding points out in a rather general comment, are really family quarrels and their very existence is testimony to the fact that there does exist in the world a "tribe or sub-culture" of economists, a tribe with a special language and special skills, developed especially to assist its members in exploring more completely the models which they build.

Insofar as the skills are concerned, first there is the one described as "the method of plausible topology," of which the "law of diminishing returns is an outstanding example." The prevalence and usefulness of graphic methods in economics is related to the method of plausible topology, for graphic treatment allows the analysis of two or three variables in a single picture. Where the problem involves more than three dimensions, mathematical economists come into their own.

Simplification of the model is a second important skill. Simplification may involve holding some variables constant while the economist analyzes the effects of one or two (this is the Marshallian partial equilibrium method, "the exploration of cross sections in two or three dimensions of an n-dimensional model"). Another form of simplification is that of

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[1]Andreas G. Papandreou, *Economics as a Science*. Lippincott, 1958.

aggregation, the method "of adding and otherwise combining large masses of variables" and treating the resulting aggregate as if it were a single homogeneous variable (best exemplified by the Keynesian national income analysis).

Having described these basic skills, Professor Boulding proceeds to explain the simplest Keynesian model in sufficiently elementary terms so that even a reader who has never had a course in economics ought to be able to master the ideas it embodies without much difficulty. The explanation is followed by the remark that the simple model has substantial interpretative power even though it is weak in predictive power, and if memory serves, no examples are given anywhere else in the book of any simple or complicated models which *are* strong in predictive powers.

Two further areas in which the economic theorist is claimed to have special skill are: (1) "the theory of difference equations, or of dynamic processes"; and (2) "the theory of maximization, or more generally, the theory of rational behavior." With regard to the former, it may be remarked that Professor Boulding's use of the term "dynamic processes" in apposition to "the theory of difference equations" seems to be a reflection of a current bias of economic theorists. Obviously difference equations do describe dynamic processes, but dynamic process analysis does not require the use of difference equations nor even of mathematical economics, particularly when no real quantitative meanings can be obtained from empirical data for the terms in such equations. Indeed, dynamic process analysis was used by Marx and also by institutionalists like Clarence Ayres to explain the process of economic development, long before the publication of Samuelson's *Foundation of Economic Analysis* to which Boulding refers in this context.

The "theory of maximization" is "the theory of rational behavior," the theory that people maximize "something," the marginal analysis, in which "something" can conveniently be left undefined provided that it is made something-broad-enough. This theory has "retained the interest of the economist because it seems to yield as a *conclusion* the assumptions about behavior functions which are the *postulates* of economic analysis proper." In short, it provides an ideal piece of circular reasoning and hence lends itself admirably to theoretical treatment. However, the marginal analysis is *not* a theory *of* behavior; rather it is concerned with the analysis of advantage, and he who learns it will thus have his attention turned to the problem of locating the optimum even though the theory provides no rules for attaining that optimum.

The economist is not interested in human behavior as such, but only in the "behavior functions" which relate his economic variables to each

other. Accordingly, Boulding writes, any other behavior theory which yielded the same conclusions would be just as acceptable to the economist as the theory that people "maximize something."

The remainder of the book is concerned with an explanation of the marginal analysis, with the argument that it is merely a tool of analysis and not normative, and with an explanation and an identification of the kinds of problems economists (specialists, not theorists presumably) can solve (e.g., what sort of public finance leads to inflation) and with the kinds which they cannot solve. (But the book says nothing at all about the part played by economists in the determination of, or in the actual enforcement of, existing norms relating to concentrations of economic power. Presumably, according to Boulding's thesis, economists as economic theorists have nothing to say with regard to the former; and in fact have said very little that is the product of economic theory in regard to the latter.)

However, the reader is given an explanation of the "theory of homeostasis," or of the ability of an organization to retain its structure in a changing environment, and of the application in economics of the idea of a mechanical *feedback* or a *servo-mechanism*. In addition, there are all sorts of suggestions for the application in other areas of ideas developed by economists (the notion of *profit* in economics is related to the biologists' notions of regeneration). There is also a suggestion that the economic theory of oligopoly—the theory of competition among the few—may be applied in the area of international politics; although to what end is not altogether clear, since economists have not been able to find a determinate solution for the oligopoly problem. There are other interesting suggestions for an interchange of ideas among the "sciences" generally, some of which apparently stem from the fact that the author has for several years conducted a seminar in the Integration of the Social Sciences.

It is, perhaps, an interesting sidelight on this little book that economic theorists have accepted the notion of a mechanical feedback as a means of explaining various specific economic phenomena, but, in general, they have not recognized its philosophical counterpart: John Dewey's instrumentalism and the process of self-correcting value judgments as a method of problem selection in the social sciences generally. Perhaps that is why, even though the book is stimulating and well worth reading, one comes eventually away from it with the feeling that the matters considered in the concluding essay seem to be totally unrelated to the skills of the economist as economic theorist.

University of Texas —H. H. Liebhafsky

■ DISCUSSION

What Is a Literary Hoax?

EDITOR'S NOTE: In our Spring issue, we published a review of recent poetry by Judson Jerome under the title "Through Thick and Thin." At the end of the review Mr. Jerome considered Eli Siegel's collection of poems, *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana*: in about half a page he suggested that the book was a "hoax," quoted some words of high praise from a letter by William Carlos Williams, and concluded by quoting one of what Mr. Siegel calls his "pussycat poems" and the footnote attached to it.

On April 18 *The Antioch Review* received a telegram of protest against Mr. Jerome's review, asking an immediate apology in print; the telegram was signed by six members of the Society for Aesthetic Realism. The next day we received a three-page typewritten letter signed by one of the signers of the telegram giving more background on Mr. Siegel's work and arguing that it could be "sweet" as in "To a Cat" but also "very tough" as in "The World of the Unwashed Dish," and so on. But this was only the first (second, if you count the telegram) of a series. From April 18 to May 12 we received 13 communications, all of them protesting our publication of Mr. Jerome's review in various terms of criticism and approbrium. Several communications were signed by more than one person, but the total signatures represented 11 people: one person signed five communications, another four, another three, and two others two. The last communication was a registered letter spelling out an apology for the editors of *The Antioch Review* to sign and publish. We believe rather, that criticism should take its course.

In 1954 *The Antioch Review* published one of the poems in Mr. Siegel's collection, "The Dark That Was Here"; hence it is clear that we are not inherently inimical to Mr. Siegel. Mr. Jerome's spring review was brief; he spells out other aspects of his attitude below.

—P. B.

My opinions of Eli Siegel's *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana*, expressed in the Spring *Antioch Review*, have been protested by Mr. Siegel's friends and students, the members of the Society for Aesthetic Realism ("Aesthetic Realism is about how the having-to-do-withness or relation of people, is they, is themselves,") among whom are the pub-

lishers of the volume, the officers of Definition Press (motto: Definition is Wonder). They chiefly object to my use of the word *hoax*.

The book is not, of course, and more's the pity, a hoax in the sense that *Gulliver's Travels* was. It is, I think, a hoax in that it is taken much more seriously than it should be; that its critical reputation is far in excess of its merit; that its pretensions to being a "serious" literary work need to be scrutinized. "Serious," like "hoax," has no reference to intention. Who can judge intention? Such terms occur in discussion of how literary or artistic or musical work is to be considered critically. Labels such as "hoax" or "fraud" or "phoney" have been applied, with or without justice, to such distinguished and, in a sense, "accepted" figures as Jackson Pollock, John Cage, and Gertrude Stein. It is no discredit unless it is true.

The critical reputation of Eli Siegel may be well-known to readers of poetry. "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana," the first poem he wrote, when he was twenty-two working for a printer in Baltimore, won, over four thousand other entries, the annual poetry award of *The Nation* in 1925 and set off a minor controversy which is still, by some, bitterly remembered. It involved such names as Upton Sinclair, Maxwell Bodenheim, James Stevens (who protested a cold-blooded "ganging-up" on Siegel), and Ludwig Lewisohn, who quoted Dr. Johnson on Ossian: "Sir, a man could go on writing that sort of thing forever, if he would only *abandon* his mind to it." In the intervening thirty years Siegel has published from time to time in a wide range of periodicals. *Hot Afternoons* is his first collection.

In a letter prefacing the book, William Carlos Williams says of the title poem, "I say definitely, that that single poem, out of a thousand others written in the past quarter century, secured our place in the cultural world. I make such a statement only after a lifetime of thought and experience, I make it deliberately." Kenneth Rexroth, in the New York *Times*, refers to Siegel as one of those "vanished monuments of the past." Selden Rodman, in *Saturday Review*, speaks of several of Siegel's poems as saying "more (and more movingly) about here and now than any contemporary poems I have read." Robert Beum, in *Poetry*, says of the title poem, "Here is a poem which captures as no other poem has 'the past', both in its poignancy as lost experience and in its continuing aliveness as a memory and as a shaper of time present. And without any taint of chauvinism or regionalism, it is *the* poem of the American West, of the sense of wonder and uncircumscribed freedom inhaled in the width and solitude of Montana." The book was one of eight nominated for the National Book Award last year. And so forth. The ganging-up in 1957-8 is warm-blooded indeed. In other words, if we are

to take seriously the critical reception the book has received, we would have to regard it as at least as important as *The Waste Land* and perhaps more reasonably comparable to *Paradise Lost*.[1]

Of course this may be just the case; but I have the right to be wrong. I find the book as a whole rather sophomoric, silly. The title poem seems to me to give no evidence that Siegel has ever seen the American West (of which this is the definitive poem) or has anything to say about it except that it has been around a long time, contained yelling Indians when Europe had monks, has a bird in the sky beneath a sun and over grass (on the ground). I think he says this chiefly in clumsy rhythms, trite, imaginatively barren phrases, rapturous but meaningless apostrophes and pretentious pronouncements on the level of drugstore philosophy. Of its rambling ninety-nine lines these are a fair sample:

> In Montana, men eat and have bodies paining them
> Because they eat.
> Kansas, with Montana, in America, has, too, men pained by
> their eating;
> So has England, with Westminster Abbey, where poets lie,
> dead now;
> O, what their poetry can do; what poetry can do.
> There is the brain of man, a soft, puzzling, weak affair;
> Lord, the perfect green of this meadow.

I assume that the critics I have quoted mean what they say—and that they mean, thereby, to rank "Hot Afternoons" above the work of Frost, Stevens, Eliot, Williams, Wilbur, Shapiro and all the other poets who *have*, I think, made America's place in the cultural world secure. But I think they are doing a disservice to poetry. I don't think poets are created by testimonials and angry claques, just as I don't think Renaissances are created by public relations. Literary merit is hard come by and harder proved.

Basically, I believe that poets and critics bend over backwards to protect and encourage the "natural" poet against the professional, believing at some level of their consciousness that it isn't fair to learn how to do a thing well. Such a barefoot and honey-headed approach sits poorly with the pretensions of Aesthetic Realism, but the combination of artlessness and intellectual-sounding humbug is not uncommon in the arts. We don't know how to detect our own silliness. Punch drunk from too many aesthetics in too short a time we can take anything with-

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[1]The most convincing and best balanced panegyric I encountered was Walter Leuba's "Whole in Brightness." *New Mexico Quarterly*, Autumn, 1957.

out smiling. If it looks odd, it is probably so for some reason of high and unintelligible theory, and in the face of chaotic invention, best call all innovation creative. If your ear is unsatisfied, your imagination starved, your intellect insulted, your senses abused or neglected, you are safer not to object: the poem probably expresses despair, or reflects the tastelessness and loss of value in modern life, or has *some* good reason for being that way. Every poet can get a "promising" or "strong new voice" on his book jacket. Extravagant approval (in the night all cows are Shakespeare) goes unpunished. Excess in the other direction is bad manners.

—Judson Jerome

A Letter of Remonstrance

Dear Sir:

My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in an article devoted to Spain in your review ["The Two Spains," by Frank E. Manuel (Spring, 1956, p. 20)]. . . . In this paragraph it is stated: "Madariaga remains a fierce liberal of the English nineteenth century, rejecting any taint of pollution from either the right or the left, proud to be the last and perhaps the only simon-pure liberal in the world."

I can imagine no more inaccurate description of what I think and stand for. Has your contributor read my works? If so, can he be so dense? If not so, can he be so frivolous?

May I request the courtesy of the publication of this letter in your review.

Yours sincerely,

Oxford, England Salvador de Madariaga

Editor's Note: Since Sr. Madariaga's communication did not seem entirely clear we asked him to describe his liberal position further. The part of his reply pertinent to his liberalism was as follows:

"Far from being an orthodox liberal I consider myself as a heretical one, but you cannot expect me to explain how or why in a letter. At any rate, it happens that the Liberal International, of which I am President of Honor, printed for me the enclosed leaflet which is a kind of concentrate of my opinions."

From the leaflet, "The Profession of Faith of a Liberal Citizen" by Salvador de Madariaga, we quote the following successive paragraphs on freedom:

> Freedom is the power to decide on issues vital to a man's separate destiny.
>
> Freedom is therefore far more than a mere "condition" for a "better" existence. Freedom is essential to man's life as a spirit and therefore to his life as a man. Freedom is the bread of the spirit.
>
> Freedom is more than a right. It is need. It is the first natural need of man.
>
> Freedom need not be justified. It carries with it its own justification.
>
> Limitations to freedom must be justified.
>
> Freedom can only flourish within the framework of a national order.
>
> A national order is an equitable balance of individual freedoms.
>
> Limitations to freedom can only be justified by the requirements of the freedom of others and of the national order.

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D. W. Gotshalk is chairman of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Illinois, president of the American Society for Aesthetics, and past president of the American Philosophical Association, Western Division.

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